The Massillon Independent.

VOL. XXIV---NO. 32. MASSILLON, OHIO, JANUARY 28, 1887. WHOLE NO. 1,227.

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ATTORNEYS.

R. W. McCAUGHEY, Attorney at Law, office over Diclhenn's Arcade Store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

COLE & REINOEHL, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. store Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

WILLISON & GARRETT, Attorneys-at-Law. Rooms Nos. 11 and 11½ Opera Block.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor Tremont Block, No. 46 South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

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UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. $150,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President; C. Steese Cashier.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block. Dealers in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

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Z. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines, and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House, Massillon, Ohio

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Office hours, 8:30 to 10:30 A. M. 2 P. M. to 5 P. M. 7 P. M. to 9 P. M.

Office in H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Barrick. Near corner of Main and Erie streets. Residence 211 East Main street.

H. C. ROYER, M. D **SURGEON.**

Office Hours: 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M. 12 M. to 2 P. M. 5 P. M. to 7 P. M.

Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, O.

DR. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homœopathic Practice. Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office hours, 7 to 8 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.. Office open day and night.

JEWELERS.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie Street.

C. F. VON KANEL, West Side Jeweler, No. 5 West Main street.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

MASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILDING CO., Manufacturers of Doors Sash Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

HESS, SNYDER & CO., manufacturers of Novelty Pumps, Stoves, Engines, Mill and Mining Machinery. Works on South Erie street.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse Powers, Saw Mills, &c.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Joseph Corus & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE COMPANY Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

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DATWATER & SON. Established in 1852. Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Warehouse in Atwater's Block, Exchange street

ALBRIGHT & CO., Cash Grocery and Provision Dealers, Queensware, etc., No. 25 East Main street Goods delivered free of charge.

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HENRY F. OEHLER, dealer in Stoves, Tinware, House Furnishing Goods, etc. No. 61 West Main street.

REAL ESTATE.

P. G. ALBRIGHT, dealer in all kinds of Real Estate. Office in German Deposit Bank

MUSIC.

PROF. C. F. BALFOUR, teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music. Address box 352, Massillon. Residence, corner of Akron and Cherry streets.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Fresh, Crispy Gleanings of Recent Noteworthy Happenings and Events.

The funeral of the wife of Senator Voohees took place in Washington Sunday, and the remains were taken to Terre Haute, Ind., for interment.

Blanche Farrel, aged ten, and her sister, Bertha, aged four years, of Niagara Falls, fell into a sewer which runs swiftly for a quarter of a mile under the city, emptying into the Niagara just above the whirlpool. A party of men rushed to the other end just in time to rescue the girls. They were still alive, but unconscious.

There will be no Cincinnati Exposition this year.

Large vein of natural gas was struck at Noblesville, Ind.

A receiver will be appointed for the Allegheny base ball club.

Jimmy Faulkner, the Cincinnati wrestler, defeated Christol at Sandusky.

John O'Neil, the third boodle alderman of New York, has been placed on trial.

Andy Howard, informer on the moonshiners, Canton, Ga., was shot in the leg and then stamped to death by six moonshiners.

A Creek Indian boy named Seabron, eighteen years old, is in jail at Fort Smith, Ark., for murdering three men. December 18, at Eufaula, I. T.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, will issue an order soon abolishing the present character of music in churches of his diocese. He says it is too worldly.

The Hocking Valley road has recovered nearly a million in bonds missing from the treasury under the old management. Sixty thousand dollars is still out.

Chicago voted down the ordinance to increase saloon licenses to $1,000.

Frank James, the ex-bandit, is salesman in a lady's shoe store in St. Louis.

Over $30,000 was realized at th annual sale of pews in Dr. Talmage's church, Brooklyn.

Governor Foraker has issued a proclamation forbidding the importation of cattle into Ohio from Illinois except under quarantine regulations.

The ice gorge below Oil City, Pa., is two miles long and fifteen feet high. The town is in danger, and an attempt is being made to break the gorge with nitro-glycerine.

The colored population of Augusta, Ky., demand four councilmen of their race out of eight to be elected, and have held a convention and placed them in nomination to be voted for at the spring election.

One Krips was whipping his wife on a shanty boat at Vidalia, Miss., when a man named Hite interfered. The result was the killing of Krips with a hammer. The man and the woman have been arrested.

The presence of Wittrock and Haight, the convicted Adams express robbers, at the trial of Fotheringham, the messenger, Monday, to testify, has been refused. The supreme court will be asked for a writ of habeas corpus and testification.

The small-pox scare in New York continues.

New glass factories are starting at Findlay, O.

Cyrus Terrell has been indicted at Pomeroy, O., for the murder of Charles Phelps.

The president will be asked to pardon James D. Fish, the defaulting banker, of New York.

Charles Morris, colored, Xenia, O., has been acquitted of murder, and will be tried again for murdering another person.

There is an epidemic of malarial fever and measles at Tarentum, Pa. There are over one hundred serious cases, and seven deaths have occurred since Saturday.

Three million five hundred and fifty thousand bushels of coal has left Pittsburg, with more to follow, of which 724,000 bushels are for Cincinnati, and 2,826,000 for Louisville and the south.

MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.

GENERAL CHAS. P. STONE.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE MAN WHO BUILT THE PEDESTAL.

The Life of the Great Soldier and Engineer Suddenly Brought to a Close at His Home in New York—A Brief Sketch of His Remarkable and Eventful Life.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—At the academy of music in Brooklyn, yesterday evening, during the ceremonies connected with the installation of the officers of U S. Grant post, No. 327, G. A. R., Gen. W. T. Sherman announced in feeling terms the death of Gen. Charles P. Stone, late of the Federal army, subsequently in the service of the khedive of Egypt, and still later, engineer-in-charge of the erection of the Statue of Liberty. Gen. Stone was in excellent health up to a few days ago, when he was suddenly taken ill and rapidly grew worse until his death, which occurred at 1:30 yesterday afternoon at his home, No. 20 East Thirty-first street, New York. Gen Sherman said he had known Gen. Stone for thirty years. He spoke highly of Gen. Stone's military record, and said he could never find out why he was confined at Fort Lafayette and treated with suspicion.

Gen. Stone has had an intensely varied career. A native of Massachusetts, where he was born in 1823, he entered West Point military academy in 1841. Graduating, he served through the Mexican war, being breveted captain at the fall of the City of Mexico. From 1848 to 1850 he spent on a leave of absence, studying the armies in Europe, Syria and Egypt. On his return he served as chief of ordnance of the Pacific from 1851 to 1856, when he resigned from the army to take charge of a scientific expedition for the survey of Sonora. On January 1, 1861, he was called back again into service against the rebels by Gen. Scott, he being the first citizen called upon for such duty. He immediately organized the District of Columbia troops, for the protection of Washington. His ability won for him rapid promotion, so that in May, 1861, he led the advance guard in the first passage of the Potomac as a brigadier-general.

His brilliant career from that time until September, 1864, when he resigned through sickness, was marred only by one episode, the nature of which is a mystery to this day. In February, 1862, he was suddenly seized and made a prisoner by Secretary Stanton, who confined him for six months in Fort Lafayette, without assigning any reason or preferring any charge against him, though Gen. Stone constantly demanded it. In 1870 Gen. Stone took service under Khedive Ismail as brigadier general in chief of staff, reorganized the Egyptian army and was promoted lieutenant general in 1873, and served until the last day of 1882, when he requested to be relieved from the service. On the 3d of April, 1883, he was chosen to take charge of the construction of the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

He is Interviewed on Davitt's Speech and Cardinal Simeoni.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—A reporter called at the archepiscopal palace and obtained an interview with Archbishop Corrigan as to his views of Mr. Davitt's speech. He said that he did not desire to discuss Mr. Davitt's speech at length, but he desired to enter a protest against the attack on Cardinal Simeoni. "The cardinal," he said, "is the holy father's secretary. What he does is done under the direction of the pope himself. Consequently to attack the cardinal is equivalent to attacking the holy father. Mr. Davitt might just as well have attacked him as his secretary. Hence I must emphatically protest against such an attack."

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

Friends of the archbishop are indignant at what they consider Mr. Davitt's implied thrust at him, when he said that if Dr. McGlynn had not been in strong sympathy with the Land League, he might now be archbishop of New York. They say that Archbishop Corrigan was most ardent in his sympathies with the Irish cause. He allowed Land League meetings to be held in the basement of his church, and gave money freely in support of the movement.

Cable Sparks.

The chief clerk of the Paris postoffice has fled with $40,000 of the government's money.

The bark Caterina and twelve persons from Cardiff to Aspinwall, have been lost.

France is buying large quantities of sulphuric either from German manufacturers. This is an ingredient in the new explosive called melinite, used by the war department.

Lord Doneraile and his coachman, of Cork, were bitten by a rabid dog. They will be treated by M. Pasteur.

Several Bulgarians have been arrested in Roumania for inciting a rebellion.

In a recent engagement in Tonquin the French killed 500 native insurgents.

Greece is busy with preparations for war. All the arsenals are working night and day.

M. Thomas and his wife, who burned the wife's mother to death, were guillotined at Paris.

Political Pointers.

Mr. Dawes is returned to the senate from Massachusetts.

There is a probability of Camden's defeat in West Virginia.

No senatorial election yet in Indiana, New Jersey or Tennessee.

It has been forty years since more than one ballot has been required to elect a United States senator in Indiana.

The Fire Record.

A destructive prairie fire swept across the country north of Tahlequah, I. T.

A three hundred thousand dollar fire in Memphis.

Incendiaries fired the Allen hotel, Chicago. The saloon was gutted and a panic narrowly averted.

Business Troubles.

Leonard Bammerlin, brewer, Canton O., assigns. Assets, $18,000; liabilities unknown.

James Krake, surviving partner of Price & Company, New York, assigned, with preferences amounting to $15,000.

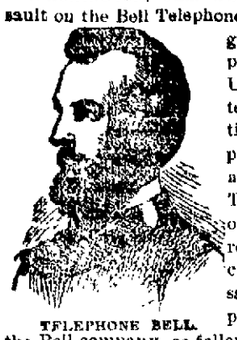
Railroad Reading.

Michigan & Ohio railroad is to be consolidated with the Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinaw.

BELL TELEPHONE SUITS.

A General Assault on the Company Begun in the Supreme Court at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The general assault on the Bell Telephone company has begun before the supreme court of the United States yesterday. The questions involved are priority of invention and infringement. There are five cases on the calendar, represented by as many companies. The same attorneys appear in each case for the Bell company, as follows: E. M. Dickerson, Chauncey Smith and James J. Storrow, while the attorneys for the other parties interested are arranged thus:



TELEPHONE BELL.

Case of Dalbear vs. Bell company, from Massachusetts; Couston Brown and J. E. Maynadier for Dolbear. Case of Molecular Telephone company vs. Bell company, from New York; appeal and cross-appeal; Wheeler Peckham and Grosvener P. Lowery for the Molecular company. Case of Clay Commercial company vs. Bell company, from Pennsylvania; W. W. Ker for Clay company. Case of People's Telephone company vs. Bell company, (the Drawbaugh case) from New York; Lysanda Hill, Don M. Dickerson and Senator George F. Edmunds for the People's company. Case of Overland Telephone company vs. Bell company, from New York; Charles P. Crosby for the Overland company.

This week promises to be a lively one in telephone circles. A number of distinguished counsel who will make arguments during the week are already here, and more are expected. The supreme court chamber was crowded this morning when the cases were reached. Justice Gray was not present, owing to the strong financial interest his family have in the Bell company. After the reading of opinions, which consumed several hours, counsel requested fifteen days for argument, but were granted ten, and the cases will be consolidated.

WEEKLY CROP SUMMARY.

A General Report of the Condition of Wheat at the Present Time.

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—The following crop summary will appear in this week's issue of the Farmers' Review: The heavy rain which set in on the night of January 21 prevailed throughout nearly the entire winter wheat belt, and resulted in laying bare wheat fields over large areas. Without second covering of snow the crop is in a certain amount of peril, but up to the close of January 22 the correspondents have made no returns of resulting damage. The wheat reports from Ohio, Indiana and Michigan continue to be almost uniformly favorable, the latest returns showing that the fields have been amply protected up to the approach of midwinter rainstorm, and that the grain was looking well.

The reports from Missouri and Illinois are not uniformly favorable, some of the southern Illinois and some of the western Missouri counties reporting an unfavorable outlook. The returns from Butler, Chautauqua, Cherokee, Johnson, Lyon, Pottawatomie, Saline and Wallace counties in that state show that fields are not protected and that the grain is looking poorly. Clark, Clay, Dallas, Delavan, Harrison, Jones, Muscatine and Warren counties of Iowa are importing corn at 33@40 cents per bushel.

ANOTHER WRECK AT TIFFIN.

A "Kink" in a Rail Causes the Death of a Fireman on the Ohio Central.

TIFFIN, O., Jan. 26.—Another fatal railroad wreck was added to the list in this section yesterday, this time the Ohio Central being the victim, and the loss will foot up $10,000. The wreck occurred about forty rods east of Taylor's Inn, a chasm sixty feet deep, and was caused by a "kink" in a rail. The train No. 12, which left Toledo about 1 p. m., and consisting of engine, baggage and express cars and one coach, struck the defective rail about thirty miles out, while running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the whole train was instantly thrown from the track, overturning the cars and throwing the engine on its side in the ditch.

The engineer, Mike Winkiefoos, stuck to his engine and escaped unhurt. The fireman, Louis Cassner, jumped as the engine struck the "kink," and was caught between the tender and baggage car and horribly mangled. He was unmarried and resided at Indianapolis. There were fifteen passengers in the coach, and although it turned completely over and plowed up the track for ten rods, with the exception of a few bruises and one sprained wrist, they all escaped.

The stoves in the coach and express cars were bolted to the floors and the doors securely fastened, which precaution prevented another holocaust. The wreck was so complete and serious that, although a large force of men were employed, they did not get the track clear until 5 o'clock this morning.

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

Four Steel Boilers in an Iron Mill Explode With Fatal Results.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 25.—An entire battery of four huge steel boilers at Sprang, Chalfant & Company's iron mill at Sharpsburg exploded and scattered to almost incredible distances. The structure is badly wrecked and will have to be rebuilt. The following is a list of the killed and injured:

Thomas Patterson, fireman, killed instantly; William Corville, a tramp who was sleeping in the boiler house, died on the way to the hospital; Andrew Rire, mill boy, badly cut about the head; J. Evans, roller, foot crushed; James Phillips, helper, knee broken; Griffith Humphries, spine injured; Thomas Prethrow, soaker, foot crushed; Bartley Noughton, helper, head cut, spine injured; Lewis Clouse, watchman, head cut; John Williams, puddler, hand injured. Fireman Patterson leaves a wife and several children. Corville was unmarried. The firm estimates their loss at $15,000.

Schooner Released.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Jan. 25.—The schooner A. R. Crittenden, of this port, owned by Capt. Paige and Lee Senator Steele, which was seized at Port Hawkesbury, C. B., for alleged violation of Canadian laws, was in 1809. The owners at that time deposited the money to pay the fine. To-day a letter was received from A. S. Parmlee, assistant commissioner of customs at Ottawa, announcing that the evidence in relation presented by owners having weighed, the seizure will be discharged on payment of a nominal fine of $25 and all costs.

Mrs. Landry's Husband Not Dead.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—Mrs. Langtry to-day stated to a reporter that the report of her husband's death in England was unfounded.

WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

SPECIALLY REPORTED TO R. G. DUN & CO., OF NEW YORK.

Southern Railway Consolidation Has Been the Feature During the Past Week—The Swelling Tide of Industry—Abatement of Product Speculation.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Southern railway consolidation has been the feature in speculative markets for the past week; in other markets the remarkable industrial growth of the country receives most attention. Whether railway consolidation, which at the north has been the fruitful mother of monopolies, will forward southern industrial development is not yet clear. Nor is it the question of interest to operators, who look for large and immediate profits from rising prices of stocks, lands, mines and mills. But if another wave of speculation should sweep over the south, such as ended in the disasters following 1837, 1857 and 1873, the permanent growth and prosperity of that region might not be promoted.

The swelling tide of industry and legitimate business is recorded in weekly bank clearings and railway traffic returns clearings outside of New York as the largest ever known for the season; though Boston, Providence, Springfield and Portland at the north, and Galveston at the south, fell behind last year, all other cities report gains, and the aggregate outside of New York increased 10½ per cent. for last week. Railroad earnings thus far in January show large gains over last year. In December ninety-eight roads gained 11.7 per cent., and for the year 1886 the gain in earnings was 9½ per cent. against 4½ per cent. in mileage. At Indianapolis the past week 20,428 cars were moved, a gain of 32 per cent. over the same week last year.

In many branches industrial growth has been remarkable. Silk manufacture consumed 4,751,626 pounds raw silk and 1,611,744 pounds waste last year, against 2,562,236 pounds raw silk in 1880, having more than doubled since the census. American paper-makers are rejoicing in large orders for book paper from British publishers, the use of wood pulp here having given this country an advantage. Louisiana ground 2,000,000 tons of cane last year, averaging 100 pounds of sugar to the ton, but some mills already boast 150 to 160 pounds. The improvement is needed, since Dun's Glasgow estimate is that the world's production for 1886-87 will be 4,963,000 tons of sugar, against 4,414,651 in 1885. But this country consumed 1,033,962 tons, only 39,000 less than Great Britain.

Speculation in products has abated, wheat sales last week were only eighteen million bushels, with a decline of nearly a cent; corn and oats rose a quarter each; oil five-eighths; lard a sixteenth, and pork twenty-five cents. Bar iron was advanced by the eastern association to 2.1 cent, and Pittsburg coke makers are discussing an advance. Pig iron and cotton are unchanged; coffee has declined three-eighths of cent; sugar a sixteenth, and beef about ten cents.

Fair orders come for cotton goods, though many buyers are here; both export and domestic demand for browns is good; cassimers and worsted are expected to sell at last year's prices, though materials are higher, and English worsted yarns advance 2d per pound. There is some hesitation in opening heavy woolens; the idea prevails that the demand for woolens generally may fall below last year's, because heavy consumers bought too largely last year. A great sale of 11,000 pieces January 26. Goods not before auctioned since 1883, is awaited with interest.

Money is easy, though foreign exchange gradually rises. The treasury has taken in about half a million more than it has paid out for the week, but receipts of silver at New York custom house have fallen to 13.3 per cent. of the whole.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to-day by telegraph, number for the United States 276, and for Canada 25, or a total of 301 failures, as compared with 323 last week, 299 the week previous to the last, and 320 for the corresponding week of 1886. Of the 276 failures in the United States this week the western and Pacific states report 116 and the southern states 66. In New York City there are no assignments of consequence.

ANOTHER EXPRESS ROBBERY.

Eight Masked Men Go Through an Express Car On the Texas Pacific Road.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Jan. 24.—Two masked men boarded the engine of the east bound train on the Texas Pacific railroad just as it pulled out from Gordon station at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. Drawing revolvers on the engineer and firemen, they ordered them to go on until a trestle, two miles east of the station was reached. Here they compelled the engineer to stop the train in such a way that the baggage, express and mail cars were on the road bed, while the passenger cars were on the trestle, and the passengers could not leave them.

Six masked men, who had been waiting at this point, now boarded the train, and the eight robbers went through the express car safe, getting all the money packages and valuables, and through the mail bags, taking all the registered packages, twenty-eight in number. They then left the train and rode away without molesting any of the passengers. The Pacific Express company refuse to say how much their loss is, and the reports vary from $2,000 to $15,000. The value of registered mail is, of course, unknown. Thus far no clew to the robbers has been obtained.

Threatens to Call Out the Militia.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 26.—B. R. Teabolt, a wealthy ranchman, who emigrated from Louisiana a few years ago and settled near O'Neill, Neb., was run out of that place Sunday night by a mob of fifty masked men. In the melee one Henderson was fatally shot and several others wounded. The trouble originated over Teabolt's undue intimacy with a married lady of that place, named Claybourne. Governor Thayer summoned the sheriff to the executive office by a telegram yesterday, informed him that unless the proper efforts were made to quell the mob, the military would be called out, and that Teabolt must be allowed to his ranch.

Enters the Field With a Labor Ticket.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.—The United Labor party in convention nominated Thomas Phillips, a shoemaker, for mayor, George Franks, a cigarmaker, for receiver of taxes. There were 143 delegates in the convention, one for every 100 Knights of Labor in the city. Mr. Phillips was at one time labor editor on the Record.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

Twenty-Ninth Day.

In the senate the veto of a pension bill was presented. A bill was reported for the completion of a monument to Mary, the mother of Washington. A bill was introduced amending the act of last session for the construction of a bridge over the Arthur Kill, at New York, for the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. Notice was given by Mr. Blair that the woman's suffrage amendment to the constitution would be called up on Tuesday next. The conference report on the electoral count bill was called up and agreed to, and at 1 p. m. the senate went into executive session, and at 4:45 p. m. the senate adjourned.

In the house a bill was passed for the protection of the owners of letters patent. The interstate commerce bill was discussed during the afternoon, and at the night session an agreement having been reached to take the vote to-morrow.

Thirtieth Day.

In the senate a communication from the president presented a letter from Samuel C. Reed, who presented to the government the sword of his father, who commanded the privateer General Armstrong at the battle of Fayal. Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin, was appointed to fill the vacancy on the committee of privileges and elections caused by the death of Gen. Logan. The Florida land grant forfeitures were discussed without action, and at 2:15 p. m. the senate went into executive session.

In the house the conference report on the interstate commerce bill was agreed to—219 to 41. A resolution was adopted requesting the secretary of the treasury to conduct an inquiry into the best and safest method of heating cars and steamboats. A resolution was offered calling for the correspondence on the fisheries question. The conference report on the bill granting lands in severalty to the Indians was agreed to. The house then proceeded to the consideration of private bills. At 5 p. m. a recess was taken until 7:30, the night session being for the consideration of pension bills.

Thirty-First Day.

The Senate was not in session.

In the house numerous changes were made in the vote on the interstate commerce bill. An adverse report was made on the resolution calling on the attorney general for information concerning the Pacific railroad accounts. The district appropriation bill was reported. The senate amendments to the backbone land grant forfeiture was concurred in. A resolution was adopted instructing the judiciary committee to inquire into the report whether the Hawaiian treaty involving revenue matters can be ratified without the concurrence of the house. The house took up the bill increasing the pension for total deafness, but no action was taken. The river and harbor bill was debated until 5:30 p. m., when the house adjourned.

Thirty-Second Day.

In the senate, the credentials of Senators-elect Farwell, of Illinois, and Davis, of Minnesota, were presented. A bill was passed providing that postoffices of the third class shall not be placed in the fourth class when the gross receipts amount to $1,900, or where the compensation of the postmaster amounts to $1,000. The retaliation bill to exclude Canadian vessels from American ports was passed 46 to 1, Riddleberger voting no. At 6:45 p. m. the senate adjourned.

In the house bills were introduced under the call of states. The river and harbor bill was debated until 5:10 p. m., when the house adjourned.

Thirty-Third Day.

In the senate Mr. Farwell was sworn in. Mr. Hale's credentials for re-election were presented. The conference report on the army appropriation bill was presented and agreed to. The total of the bill is $23,724,718. The conference report on the bill allowing lands in severalty to the Indians was also agreed to. The amendment to the constitution providing for woman suffrage was taken up, debated and defeated—nays 34, yeas 16. Public building bills were passed for Minneapolis, Santa Fe, Chester, Pa., Chattanooga, Charleston, S. C., Jefferson, Tex., Hastings, Neb., and Hanover, N. H. At 5:40 p. m. the senate adjourned.

In the house a communication was received from the secretary of war disapproving the petition of enlisted men for the reduction to twenty-five years of the period of service for the retired list. The Rhode Island contested election case of Page vs. Pierce was debated all day. The majority report declaring the seat vacant was agreed to—yeas 136, nays 73. The agricultural appropriation bill was reported, and at 5:15 p. m. the house adjourned.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

Two Little Girls Drift a Quarter of a Mile Under Water and Are Saved.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Jan. 24.—Muddy Run creek passes under this town by means of a sewer a quarter of a mile long. During thaws in winter it is swollen into a small river which runs with great rapidity, flows over the precipice near the Whirlpool Rapids park and falls into Niagara river. The creek was in this swollen and turbulent condition last evening when a hand-sleigh, in which was seated Bertha Farrell, aged four years and ten months, slid down into the current, which was running rapidly. No sooner had Bertha got into the stream than her sister Blanche, aged ten, jumped in after her and both were swept into the sewer. An alarm was raised and a rush made for the mouth of the sewer to prevent the little ones from going over the precipice. Men secured by ropes got into the water at the outlet of the sewer and waited for the children.

Little Bertha came out first. She was under the water and caught under a log. Soon afterward came Blanche floating on top. Both children were from appearances lifeless, not even a breath or a beat of the heart was discernible and it took long and and patient work to bring them back to life. The children passed underground fully a quarter of a mile and were in the water ten minutes most of the time submerged.

OHIO APPOINTMENTS.

W. S. Cappeller Made Railroad Commissioner—Other Gifts from the Governor.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 26.—W. S. Cappeller, of Hamilton county, was appointed commissioner of railroads and telegraphs for two years from March 8. He was confirmed, twenty Republicans voting aye, and six Democrats nay, the others declining to vote.

Governor Foraker also sent to the senate for confirmation the name of Senator S. E. Kemp, of Montgomery county, to be superintendent of insurance for three years from the 3d of June, 1887. He was confirmed unanimously.

Leo Hirsch, of Franklin county, editor of the Columbus Sonntagpost, was appointed and confirmed as supervisor of printing for two years from April 13.

Senator Kirchner, of Hamilton county, has introduced a bill which will allow certain gentlemen in Cincinnati to incorporate to improve property in the Millcreek valley.

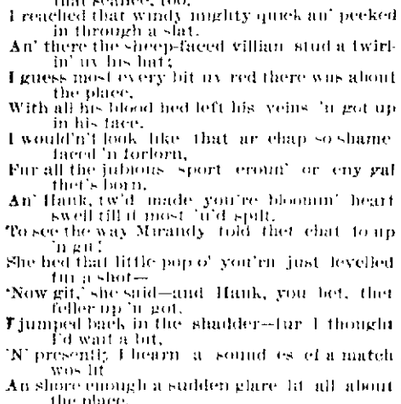
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A Border Fragment.

'Tis wuss'n pizen, so hit is, to make a sudden break,
An' then diskiver you've been in the shadder, no mistake;
An' mostly el we've chas't some durned ol' ghost of lolly long,
A chap objeks to find hisself a follering uv wrong:
'N' a man 'ud ruther suffer when he settles tu the mood,
Than resk his blamed delusion just tu hev hit understood.
An Jem bez writ the truth at last—I'm blasted ef he haint,
"Hank, you ol' fool," he sez, which is the style o' my complaint.
"Since you hev gone to play the fool—three years ago, about,
Mad with suspectin' uv you're wife an' all upset with doubt,
I kep mi peepers sort o' peeled to see el I cud find
Ef all them yarns wus true an' squar that so upsot you're mind.
I allus bed my private mind made up about the kase,
But didn' dare to menshun my conjekturs to you're face,
Kase you wus boun' thet you wus right 'n when a man's a ass,
To argufy, is tell a mule tu starve an' gin him grass,
But I doan' want to sling this quill tu eny great extent,
An' so I'll settle to the pints thet make this devilment.
One night, about two months ago, an' it wus black es pitch,
Until you couldn't see a yard—diskiver which from which,
I crep along unsartin like until I seen a light;
'Twas kumnin frum you're ol' chato; I kep' the thing in sight,
'N' jest es I got opposite my gleamin guide again
I seen a chap a pressin' on the windy peekin' in.
I knowed him in a minut', it wus him as riled you're nerves
Wid the notion that you bed thot he trespass't on you're preserves.
Well, by 'n bye he left the spot, then cum a sudden light,
A door wus opened, then the gleam was swallyed up in night.
Well, Hank, I didn stop ter think what it wus best ter do,
But just made up my mind that I'd attend that seance, too.
I reached that windy mighty quick an' peeked in through a slat,
An' there the sheep-faced villian stud a twirlin' uv his hat;
I guess most every bit uv red there wus about the place,
With all his blood bed left his veins 'n got up in his face.
I wouldn't look like that ar chap so shame faced 'n forlorn,
Fur all the jubious sport eroun' or eny gal thet's born.
An' Hank, tw'd made you're bloomin' heart swell till it most 'd split,
To see the way Mirandy told thet chat to up 'n git!
She bed that little pap o' you'rn just levelled fur a shot—
'Now git,' she said—and Hank, you bet, thet feller up 'n got.
I jumped back in the shadder—fur I thought I'd wait a bit,
'N' presently I hearn a sound es ef a match wus lit
An shore enough a sudden glare lit all about the place,
An' o'er the wood pile I beheld thet cuss's dirty face.
Next thing he hearn a summons the backwoodsman understands,
'Hold thar!' I cried; 'I've got the drop, throw up your dirty hands.'
'Hi thar, Mirandy,' next I yelled—'bring out a bit o' rope,
I want to tie this devil up; I'm feered he'll try to skope.'
Then out she kum, white faced 'n skeered, 'n soon es I hed said
Es how that duffer tried to burn the shanty o'er her head,
She went an' got the string an' tied the villain hand an' limb,
An' you kin bet he stud it, too—I had the drop on him
But what's the use o' stringin' out this here, he kase you see
To cut, I want long afore thet chap wus hangin' from a tree,
For when the neighbors hearn the tale they judged it was his due—
It don't take long to lynch a chap they git it to um, too.
An' Hank—Mirandy s just es good es gold, 'n she forgives,
An' ef you don't come back, you are the biggest fule the lives.

THE HON. WM. BROSS.

Editor of the "Chicago Tribune."



"To do all that can be done to cultivate, instruct, and elevate our common humanity, and render it more virtuous, and therefore more prosperous and happy; this is the duty and the high prerogative of the American press. Venal presses there may be, but they are destined to a sure and early extinction. Integrity, energy, commanding talents, comprehensive learning, and perfect independence characterize the leading journals of the country, and are the sources of their popularity and power. Their success is assured precisely in the ratio that they adhere to the right and denounce the wrong, no matter who may perpetrate or uphold that wrong."

These are notable words, and they were written nearly twenty years ago by one whose long career has given actual expression to the principles which his pen laid down. Western journalism, of which he was almost a pioneer, has on its brilliant record no more honorable name than that of the writer of the above paragraph—William Bross.

He was born in Sussex county, New Jersey, November 4, 1813, and passed his boyhood at Milford, Pennsylvania. He studied at Williams College, where he graduated with high honors in 1838. His connection with his college has been forgotten, as he has received from it honorary degrees, and was chosen, in 1886, to deliver the alumni address.

Upon leaving college, he taught a school in Orange county, New York, for nearly ten years. In this position he was decidedly successful; his tastes naturally inclined to literature and the arts, and he was a thorough classical scholar. Here, too, he was very happily married to the only daughter of the late Dr. J. T. Jansen, of Goshen, N. Y.

But his life was not destined to pass away in the quiet routine of the pedagogue's duties. He left the teacher's desk to enter the ranks of a profession that gave him a wider knowledge of men and of affairs, and a more extended sphere of action and influence.

In May, 1848, he left the east, and went to Chicago. The town was then quite a new one, having been organized only fifteen years before, and its population was a little over twenty thousand souls. It had just begun the wonderful growth which has made it the metropolis of the West.

After a short experience of the book trade, Mr Bross bought a paper called the *Prairie Herald*, which he conducted for two years, in conjunction with Dr. J. A. Wight. Next he united with the late John L. Scripps in founding the *Democratic Press*, a daily and weekly paper, which first appeared December 16, 1852.

Hitherto a democrat in politics, Mr. Bross joined the republican party immediately upon its organization, and has ever since been one of its ablest champions. His was the first western journal to advocate the nomination of John C. Fremont in 1856, and four years later he did most effective service in securing the nomination of Abraham Lincoln; indeed, he was a trusted friend and adviser of the great Illinoisian during his presidency.

Meanwhile, in July, 1858, the *Press* was consolidated with the *Tribune*, which was already a well-established paper of twelve years' standing, nearly the oldest daily in Chicago.

In 1864, Mr. Bross was elected lieutenant-governor of the State of Illinois, and discharged the functions of that office for four years, gaining approbation and respect from all quarters. It was his pleasant duty to be the first official in the United States to sign a resolution ratifying the constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery, as the Illinois legislature was the earliest to take action to that effect. In his last year of office he made a tour in the Rocky mountains, which is commemorated by the name "Mount Bross," bestowed in his honor upon a then nameless peak some twenty miles west of Long's Peak, on the Continental Divide in Gaand county, Colorado.

For many years Mr. Bross had personally supervised the paper with which his name is connected, entering warmly into the party politics of the day, and yet making it universally respected for its high character and public spirit. Advancing years—for he is now beyond three score and ten—have at length warned him to lay aside the duties of the busy newspaper office.

Teacher, journalist and statesman, Mr. Bross has led a useful and active life, and his name is intimately connected with the marvelous growth and progress of the city and the State in which most of his years have been spent. He has traveled in foreign countries, without neglecting his own, having—and this falls to the lot of few men as busy as he—visited every State in the union. He has contributed the record of his intelligent observation to the columns of his own and other journals.

In his married life, Mr. Bross has seen much affliction, as of a family of eight children only one daughter, Mrs. Henry D. Lloyd, now survives. A beautiful monument in Rosehill Cemetery marks the last earthly resting-place of four sons and three daughters.

In private and in public Mr. Bross has ever been a Christian and a gentleman. His integrity stands unimpeached. He will leave behind him a moderate fortune, gained by his own honorable exertions, and the example of a blameless career.—*Richard H. Titherington.*

Whims.

Probably ex-Attorney-General Brewster had the strangest conceit of any man who ever came to Washington. He liked an open grate fire, but somehow he detested the color of coal. The contrast of the black coal and the red and blue flames was most distasteful to him so his servant always had orders to splash the fuel with whitewash, which he kept on hand for this purpose.

Gen. Butler has a whim. Of late years he is seldom without a piece of slipperly elm in his mouth, which he declares is an admirable specific for nervousness. Years ago Butler was a smoker. Then he took what is known as a dry smoke that is, he went through the motions of smoking with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. From that he graduated to slippery elm, and there is no telling what he will take next.

Senator Beck's whim is that he cannot speak unless he arises with a penholder in his right hand, which he always slams down upon his desk before he has spoken a dozen words. There are several members of congress who have what is known as the crack-walking craze. Not one of these men would step upon a crack in a day's walk, unless obliged to do so by the presence of a brick sidewalk. There is a certain scientific man here whose name is known all over the civilized world. He says:

"I have had this crack-walking habit for twenty years. In the first place I started just for fun, to see if I could avoid stepping on a crack in going a certain distance. I found that I could, and I made up my mind to keep it up for that day. As I had a certain amount of walking to do, at first this craze was a sort of pleasant diversion. Then it became a settled habit. I have tried to break it up time and time again, but it has such a hold on me that I presume I will remain a crack walker to the end of my days."

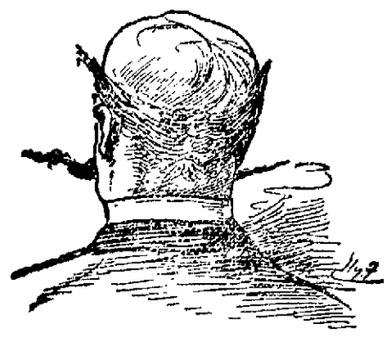
Conductor Oliver, of the Rock Island Road, was punching tickets on an incoming train one day last week, when his eyes fell upon a pretty little tot of a girl who was nestling close beside her mother. "Ah, my little girl, how do you do to-day?" he asked, stroking the child under the chin. "Now, you stop that," cried the little creature, pouting her lips into a rosebud. "Why in the world don't you tickle mamma under the chin?" The conductor said something about a chip off the old block, and went on about his business.—*Chicago Herald.*

Husband—"What are you reading, my dear?" Wife—"A long letter from mother." Husband—"Has she anything in particular to say?" "I don't know. I haven't got to the postscript yet."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

CHARACTERS IN HAIR.

IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE.

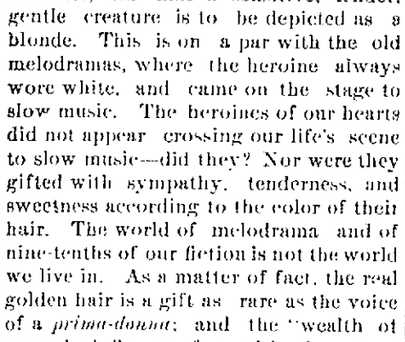
Examples of the Military, The Vulgar, The 'Umble, Energetic, and The Benevolent.



THE MILITARY.

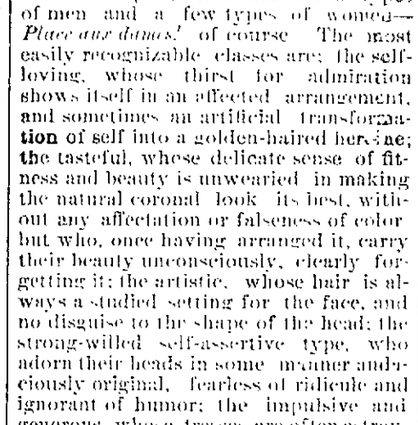
If we might judge from the Penny Awful, and even from the Shilling Shocker, there is a moral fatality in hair. The dark-eyed woman with the "wealth of raven locks" is a fiend of deep plots and machinations, bent upon the destruction of the heroine with the golden hair—or we believe the approved form is now the "gold head"—and the violet eyes. About one thing the world has made up its mind, or, at least, the world of superficial observers, who have a sheep-like tendency to keep together and that one thing is, that a strong minded woman in fiction ought to be a brunette, and that a sensitive, tender, gentle creature is to be depicted as a blonde. This is on a par with the old melodramas, where the heroine always wore white, and came on the stage to slow music. The heroines of our hearts did not appear crossing our life's scene to slow music—did they? Nor were they gifted with sympathy, tenderness, and sweetness according to the color of their hair. The world of melodrama and of nine-tenths of our fiction is not the world we live in. As a matter of fact, the real golden hair is a gift as rare as the voice of a *prima-donna*; and the "wealth of raven locks" goes often with the softest natures—those sensitive, and yet unselfish, beings of whom we might say that wonderful word of praise that it took Madame de Stael's genius to invent: —"She was more a woman than all the rest of women."

It the color is not to be taken as an index, the habitual appearance is a safe guide to at least a few points of character. Our faces carry with them the story of our lives, though it be written in hieroglyphs unread, to some extent we ourselves have made them what they are, not the features, but the expression, is our making, formed unconsciously all our life. In just the same way, it is not the hair itself, but, so to say, the expression we have given to it, that tells the tale. White, black, or grey, brown, ruddy, yellow, ashen, or flaxen—what matters it? our hearts and our ways are not colored to match. Curly or straight—how could we help it? But our care and our carelessness, our work and our troubles, have given it an appearance of its own, which is part of our individuality; and therein are the secrets of character.



THE VULGAR.

For examples, let us take a few types of men and a few types of women—*Place aux dames!* of course. The most easily recognizable classes are; the self-loving, whose thirst for admiration shows itself in an affected arrangement, and sometimes an artificial transformation of self into a golden-haired heroine; the tasteful, whose delicate sense of fitness and beauty is unwearied in making the natural coronal look its best, without any affectation or falseness of color but who, once having arranged it, carry their beauty unconsciously, clearly forgetting it; the artistic, whose hair is always a studied setting for the face, and no disguise to the shape of the head; the strong-willed self-assertive type, who adorn their heads in some manner audaciously original, fearless of ridicule and ignorant of humor; the impulsive and generous, whose tresses are often astray, and whose elf-locks are apt to stand up or slip loose like truants. These are not to be confounded with the disorderly, whose nature shows infallibly in their hair; for the wild heads of generous and impulsive folk may be of the order "tasteful" too. Or they may belong to the commonplace multitude who make life-long efforts only to keep their hair out of the way. This commonplace multitude has exceptionally precise members, to whom flatness and smoothness mean perfection—law-abiding and orderly in all things, from the paying of the bills to exact smoothing of a hair, and with precise notions of all duties in their own (and all their neighbors') lives, down to the pinning of the said hair extremely tight. They are unemotional, primly-set pieces of human machinery, excellent in many ways; but poor human nature fears their criticism, and they are of a style of beauty that makes the blood of an artist creep. One more type closes our notes on what the antiquary called Womankind. Who has noticed the vulgar devoted to cheap display? They are a legion whose curl-papers are public, and whose locks are like the Eastern flower that only unfolds when the day is late.



ENERGETIC.

There is less of artificial style about a man's hair, and habit fixes its form more; it is a better index. We cannot mistake the stern order, or, so to say, the sense of discipline in the hair of the military man.

Nor could it be possible to mistake the coarseness of the vulgar nature, even if one caught only a glimpse of the back of that cropped and thick-necked head, boastful of gloss made out of oil enough to trim a lamp.

A different kind of sleekness lies upon the "'umble 'ead," that is held low, with a shrewd purpose of getting on more easily in the world than less hypocritical folks.

A certain amount of energy is inseparable from hair on end—not on end through carelessness, but through a quality of its own by which it refuses to be put down.

Probably there is some heat of temper indicated by these irrepressible, fly-away, half-curling locks; but in another type good-humor is predominant. It is shorter on end, and gives the bluff and surprised look inseparable from Tommy Traddles and kindred spirits.

The commercial man, if he have time for such small ambitions, during his early years may try to emulate Apollo; but his waves and curls are too precise; their very precision betrays him.

Far different is the artistic or poetic effect of a sense of beauty and an inclination to negligence. The man who is always buying and selling is too exact if he studies appearance at all: the artist-nature shows more careless curves: he is always thinking how things look—not what he and the rest of the world are worth. The bushy artist, well known in comic illustration, is being supplanted by a younger generation, less luxuriant-haired, less given to velveteen and Bohemianism. His bushy tastes partly indicate his opinion that hair is the natural ornament of the human head, and partly his habit of not bothering himself about prosaic conventionalities. Indolence and ardor alternate in his soul: the lazy times are the fallow seasons of that rich ground. "I shall never do anything good again!" the artist has sighed, and presently he does better than ever; but his hair and beard have thickened during the fallow season, and really he reflects, he looks the better for it, and keeps his bushy aspect in his after-glow of energy. At this point a question meets us, which we must leave unanswered. What is the connection between harmony and hair? and why must

THE 'UMBLE.

a musician have long weedy locks, if he means to draw from his audience "tears such as angels weep"?

There is a time when most men let their hair grow long; it is when age is coming. If they are not of the bald and clipped section of humanity, they enrol themselves then among the luxuriant-haired. Why? For no other reason than that white hair is the glory of age. A French proverb says that the head of the fool never whitens. To some extent, it is true; but the converse is more often the case. The fool will not let his head whiten. He dreads the appearance of his silver glory, and does all he can never to get it. But the whiteness of a noble head—how doubly it ennobles it! Many songs have been sung to raven tresses and to golden locks; many painters from Titian downward have tried to persuade the world of the beauty of the shades of ruddy brown; but let us give praise to the pure whiteness that comes at the end of life. Strangely enough, it seldom belongs to a woman; it belongs to manhood, to wisdom, and it comes earliest to those self-denying men who have striven with an earnestness that doubled the hours of life, and who have entered with intense zeal into the struggles and sorrows of other lives. The fine face, with its deep lines marked by years of striving and of sympathy, could have from nature no covering more perfectly in harmony than that white glory of old age, even if it has come (as it often does to them) twenty years too early. We have been noting a type that has worn itself out in personal energy for his fellow-man; but a vast amount of easier-going benevolence is crowned with the grey shades. Mark the easy curves of these quiet locks and perhaps, if we relied on phrenology, we might add, mark the shape of the head that moulds their course.

BENEVOLENT.

In some rare cases, silver hairs come early, enhancing youthful looks, and showing under dark eyebrows the brilliance of bright eyes. However it happens, the possessors are no commonplace mortals; and nature's freak teaches us why the eighteenth-century ensconced itself in a wig, and why my lord pays a tax to dignify his flunkeys by powdering their heads.

Doubtless, in their respective countries the negro's wool, the Chinaman's pigtail, the bald crown and gummed tufts of the Japanese, all have their characteristics too. But one thing is common all the world over concerning hair. It is the one part of ourselves that can be given away; the treasure of the lover, the only thing the mourner can keep as a positive

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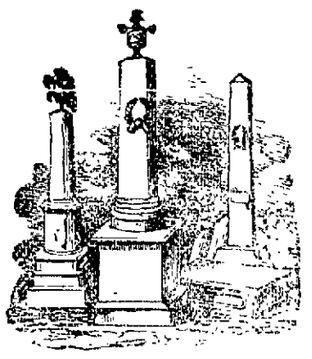

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and fitted it up in a neat and tasteful manner and filled it with the latest and neatest patterns of

Slate MANTLES & GRATES,

and having bought them of the eastern manufacturers for cash, thereby enabling me to sell either monuments or mantels at less rates than can be furnished from abroad, of the same style and finish. All I ask is an examination of them and their prices to convince you that you can do better at home than abroad

Works at old stand corner Tremont and Mill streets, Massillon, O.

Q. W. REEVES.

Hurrah Smokers!

If you want a good Cigar call for

Phil. Blumenschein's

Brands of Cigars.

They will give you good satisfaction. Try them and be convinced.

Store room and factory two doors east of Union Hotel,

WEST MAIN STREET, MASSILLON, OHIO

MILLER'S OIL REFINING WORKS, Allegheny City, Pa.

OFFICE:—328 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. D. MILLER & SONS, Manufacturers of High Test Oils, for export and home consumption. Would call public attention to our brand,

WATER WHITE GLEINE, 150 TEST.

Warranted none better. Gasoline for stoves and gas machines, 74, 86, 87, 88 and 90 gravities. Lubricating oils. Staves and heading wanted. 8y

JOHN H. OGDEN,

UNDERTAKER.

West Side of Canal, Main Street,

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

portion of what was once his living love. Ah! what intense meaning these little shorn locks possess, whether they remind us of the absent or of the dead! They tell their tales—love-stories, life-stories. Nothing else could speak as they speak to our heart. There is character for us in our treasures, even if we can read no such token in the every-day world around us.

Woodshed Theatricals.

IF there is any living creature which will at all compare with a boy on a rainy day, I have never yet found it, and when this boy is multiplied by six, and the entire half-dozen take possession of a woodshed, earth holds nothing to be compared to them.

It is on Saturday that a boy appears in all his glory, with spirits gay as a lark, having escaped the bondage of school. He usually puts on a pair of pants too far gone to be mended, invites Bill and Joe and Harry and John, and a few others to come to his show. For there is a fascination connected with the drop-curtain which pervades humanity from the boy up. There is a mystery behind the scenes which never fails to appeal to our love of the marvellous, and whether it be the gorgeous drop of a gilded and frescoed theatre or a dingy woodshed with a piece of old carpet for a curtain and a few purloined boards for a stage, it has its fascinations and its votaries.

Boys like a rainy day for these matinees. They experience a sense of serenity which rarely comes with a dry, sunshiny afternoon. They are seen running through the house, hunting up a wardrobe. Other boys skulk through the alley, and the woodshed fills up rapidly. Then we hear wranglings and loud voices about the pins received at the door, and some angry shouts among the stage managers.

There is a misunderstanding, too, with the orchestra—a jewsharp, two oyster cans, a brass kettle and an old tamborine. The doorkeeper gets confused in his head and loses the run of the pins, and two small boys are ejected with great bitterness, and they withdraw a few paces and begin throwing stones at the theatre.

THE SHOW IS PROGRESS.

The curtain rises, and Emerson dances an "essence," while the entire greenroom corps look and laugh louder than the audience. Whack! goes a brick from the small boys whose pins were not genuine; the cook rushes down on the house like the police on a model artist show, shouting: "Be off wid yez!" and the audience are seized with a sudden panic.

The actor representing a grizzly bear, falls over the orchestra, the boy with the tamborine climbs on the top of a lot of sawed wood which represents the gallery, which gallery topples over and falls amid the crowd below; the boy's mother arrives upon the scene and passionately declares that his father is coming and will settle with him for such a hurrah as he is raising.

Every boy runs off without demanding to have his pins returned at the door; the cook upsets the stage, pulls down the curtain, and calls them all "a pack of haythins." The proprietor of the Varieties sulks awhile, goes out and gets wet and chilly, and finally concludes the day by setting three steel traps for rats, a never-failing fund of intellectual amusement for the average boy.—*Texas Siftings.*

Phil Armour and the Soapsuds.

Recalling his life at Cazenovia, Mr. Armour said, with a twinkle in his eye, that but for his little love affair he probably never would have gone west to start anew amid circumstances that have developed so wonderfully and given him his present distinction. Mr. Armour, in a modest way, ascribes his success in life wholly to the training that his father and mother gave him. From his earliest recollections his father took him into his entire confidence. All the children were allowed by the father to be partners with him in all business affairs. If a son wanted money he was told by the father: "You know where the wallet is; go and help yourself." The mother impressed upon the children's minds the conviction that they must never live beyond their incomes, and the children were inspired with the belief that what she said and did was always right. Mr. Armour relates with a smile how his mother was in the habit every Saturday evening of taking the boys down to the creek and giving them a thorough washing; how she would begin by pouring some of her home-made soft-soap on their heads and then rub it in. "Often," he says, "when the soapsuds were running into my eyes, and making them smart like fire, I felt as though I would like to bite my mother's hand, but I knew better than to do it. I felt her power was supreme, and that I must submit, as it was for the best." In the training of his own children Mr. Armour has adopted the methods so successfully carried out by his parents.—*Albany Journal.*

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years, my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at 50c a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Z. T. Baltzly. 6

APPETIZERS.

Key-Holes and Latch-Keys.

Latch-keys are more frequently used in the night than at any other time.

The night is very often dark.

For six months in the year, on an average, the weather is cold.

If men partake of stimulants to excess it is generally at night when the labors of the day are over.

Taking all these facts into consideration, why are the keyholes of latch-locks not placed in an accessible position? Why are they not easily discernible and easily penetrable?

We have known latch holes to be placed immediately under the door knob at about two feet six inches from the ground, where a tall man had to bend himself nearly double to get at them.

And we have known them to be placed in immediate juxtaposition with another and larger keyhole, so that in the dark it was almost impossible to know one from the other.

Most latch holes are obscure little apertures not easily seen in broad daylight by a person with all his faculties at their keenest. Now how must it be on a dark night for a person with his hands benumbed with cold and more or less confused with the good cheer of a supper party?

It is simply cruel, brutal and preposterous to place a person in such a situation, when all trouble might be easily avoided by placing the hole at the end of a small cup or funnel of metal and surrounding it with a disc of polished silver, or even with a phosphorescent nimbus, as could be easily done.

Calculate, if you can, the misery, the heart-rings, the recriminations and recriminations, that have grown out of the delay to open front doors with night keys; the people who have been prevented from their beds, and the others who have been forced to go to hotels or seek their homes.

Think of it, and say whether we are not justified in asking for reform in this matter.—[Texas Siftings.

He Jumped at Conclusions.

"You saw the greater portion of this fight, did you not?" inquired a lawyer of a witness in an assault and battery case.

"Well, it's like this," commenced the witness.

"No equivocations, sir! You saw the whole occurrence, I believe. You were there?"

"Yes, I war thar."

"Judging from the appearance of your lacerated features and parti-colored complexion I should say you saw the whole thing."

"Well, yer sin didn't jump at conclusions in that random sort of style. It's like this—"

"Answer, on your oath now, did you, or did you not, see the fight?"

"No, sir."

"Ah!"

"No, sir-ee! The fust I knowed about the fight was when the head of a fighting bull come through the gate and the other critters scape. Yes, sir, I didn't see anything of the fight, only an hour an' a half or two hours afterwards."—[Merchant Traveller.

He Sighed for Greenland.

Little Johnny Goward was sitting by the window with his head on his hand and an expression upon his face showing that he was in deep thought, when his mamma suddenly interrupted him by saying:

"What are you thinking of, Johnny, what makes you so quiet?

"I was thinking," said Johnny, "what a picnic it must be to live up in Greenland."

"To live in Greenland!" said his mother in surprise. "Why, what under the sun ever put that idea into your head?"

"Well," replied Johnny, "my teacher told us to-day that in Greenland the days are three months long, and I was thinking what a snap it would be when Saturday came around and there wouldn't be any school for three months."—[Peck's Sun.

Obliging the Preacher.

The Rev. Dr. S., who is a prominent divine in a city not far from New York, had been spending a few days—not in this weather—on an island on the Maine coast, and, intending to depart on a certain morning, he started for the boat in company with a friend. A porter followed with the doctor's valise.

Arriving at the wharf, they found that to take advantage of the wind or tide the boat had gone before the advertised time.

Not aware of the clerical character of the company, the porter swore several shocking oaths in quick succession.

"What do you think of that, doctor?" asked his friend.

"Well," said the doctor, slowly and impressively, "there are times when the services of a layman are indispensable."—[Boston Record.

Wit and Whisky.

A good story is told of a Kentuckian who was fond of fine whisky and always kept his jug.

He it was who said:

"I never saw any mean whisky. Some is better, but all is good."

One night, when he had company, he was observed to take out one guest at a time and treat to a choice swig.

When asked about this he said:

"Why, by drinking with them singly I get half of my whisky myself. See?"—[Atlanta Constitution.

The Next Best Thing.

"Madam," said a polite passenger in a crowded street car from his comfortable seat to a lady who was preserving her balance with difficulty, "permit me to——"

"Oh, thank you, sir," replied the lady sweetly as she prepared to sit down.

"Er—as I was about to say—permit me—ah—to call your attention to that strap."

Mr. O'Toole's Disease.

"Good marnin,' Mrs. O'Toole! An' so they tell me yer husband is sick, an' what saimes to be the matther wid the poor man?"

"Ah! Mrs. Murphy, he has had a terrible attack of spine in his back; he's felt it comin' on this long while."—[Judge.

No Use for the Jewels.

Young Housekeeper (to fish dealer): "What do you charge for repairs?"

Dealer: "The diamond backs are $48 a couple, mum."

Young Housekeeper: "Well, haven't you got any without diamonds on their backs that come cheaper?"

Dream of snakes, sign of enemies.

AGRICULTURAL

The total value of exports of beef, pork and dairy products for twelve months ended December 31, 1886, were $86,044,251, against $93,559,515 for the same time the previous year.

President J. M. Smith, of the Wisconsin horticultural society, says he has spent over one thousand dollars in an unsuccessful effort to find a better strawberry than the old Wilson.

A syndicate of bankers from Amsterdam, Holland, recently purchased a tract of land containing nine hundred square miles in Florida, which will be settled upon by emigrants from Holland.

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports the total value of the exports of breadstuffs from the United States for the year ended December 31, 1886, at $148,122,020, against $129,690,137 in 1885.

An excellent method of utilizing the hayseed and dust is to place is to place it where the chickens will scratch it over. They will find quite an amount of valuable material which would be useless for any other purpose.

The Farmers' Congress, which closed its session in Washington on the 13th inst., adopted a resolution urging Congress to repeal the clause in the charters of the national banks which forbids their loaning money on real estate.

The Ohio Wool Growers' Association, at their recent meeting in Columbus, passed resolutions declaring in substance that the reduction of the wool tariff in 1883 has caused a decrease of four million pounds of wool in the annual production of Ohio, and twenty million pounds in that of the whole country, while the importation of foreign wool is rapidly increasing.

Wherever there is live stock to be fed there should be regular measures to deal out the grain. This will insure evenness in the feeding, and enable one to know exactly how much grain is being consumed. With the use of half-inch pine boards, any farmer may readily get up a set of measures. A one-quart measure should be four inches square, five and three-eighth inches deep; three quarts, six inches square, five and three-fifth inches deep, and a four quart size six and three-fourth inches square, five and nine-tenth inches deep.

Some method of warming water by heat, and even warming the barn in the same way, may in many cases be found economical and a profitable way of saving feed and preventing loss of product. Fuel is certainly cheaper than fodder and grain, and a warming apparatus need not be too costly for the farmer who has only twenty head of stock to feed. There are many uses for an engine on a farm, such as cutting fodder, grinding grain, sawing wood, steaming food, etc., and a great saving in food can be made by keeping the stables warm.

As the loss to farmers and others by the rotting of fence posts amounts to an enormous sum, and as their cost is increasing each year, we publish the following methods of preparing them, by which their term of service may be lengthened:

Seasoned posts last much longer by putting two and one-half feet of the lower part of each post in hot coal tar. When used on posts not thoroughly seasoned, it holds the moisture and hastens decay.

Posts that are well seasoned may be made to last twenty years or more by painting thirty inches of the lower part with linseed oil mixed with powdered charcoal.

It is claimed that thoroughly seasoned posts may be made to last thirty years or more by treating the bottom to a hot creosote bath. Hot kerosene is also good.

The official German journal on forestry gives this method, which it recommends highly: The posts must be new, that is, green; in an oil barrel dissolve four pounds of blue vitriol in one hundred quarts of rain water; in this solution place the posts, in as warm and sunny a place as possible. As early as the next day you will see how the splint is turning green, a sure sign that the vitriol has fully impregnated the wood cells; in a few days the vitriol rises to the top of the posts, which thus become hardened against rot and weather.

A writer in an exchange says: It is probably a general belief, even among dairymen, that salt used in the manufacture of butter contributes to its keeping. This is certainly the opinion among consumers, and many writers on dairy subjects express the same idea. Nevertheless, the fact is that the salt used in making butter is of no avail as a preservative. In most cases it has been proved to have exactly the opposite effect. Absolutely pure fats and oils, whether of vegetable or animal origin, are very stable in their composition at moderate temperature, and absolutely unchangeable at such temperatures when air is excluded. But butter is very far from being a pure fat, as ordinarily made. There is, in fact, no way of making it such, except by means which tend greatly to impair its value for ordinary table use. Unquestionably the most practicable way of preserving butter for family use is submergence in a brine made of pure salt and water. If kept in a cool place this secures the two conditions of low temperature and exclusion of air. The use of the salt in this case is not to preserve the butter, but to keep the water sweet, for perfectly pure and cold water will keep butter as well without salt as with it. This has been conclusively proved by finding butter crocks lost in a deep well, the contents of which, after years of submersion, were perfectly sweet.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co, Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Z. T. Baltzly, Agent.

OnlyWay to Conquer Dyspepsia.

It is perfectly preposterous to introduce pepsin and other artificial solvents into the stomach, in the expectation that they will assist digestion by acting upon the food itself. They will not. Nor is it possible thus to overcome dyspepsia, the only way to conquer that disorder and prevent the numerous diseases and disabilities which it assuredly provokes, is to renew the activity of gastric action by strengthening the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates the most inveterate forms of indigestion by restoring vitality to the alimentary organs, and those which are tributary to them. The liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the nerves, no less than the stomach, experience the invigorative effects of that standard tonic, which possesses alterative properties that greatly enhance its beneficial influence, and give a permanence to its effects which they would not otherwise possess.

What is Government? Give its object?

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Judge Coffinbury Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by Z. T. Baltzly at 50c and $1 per box. 30-eow

What trees are celebrated in our history?

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Hains' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a the speed and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects results from its administeration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co, 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

What three ex-Presidents died on the 4th of July?

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; he had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured the use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Z. T Baltzly's Drug Store. C

What is astronomical, continental and oceanic climate?

Dr. Flagg's Family Ointment

Never fails to soothe and heal cuts, burns, bruises, flesh wounds, inflammation, sprains, pimples, chilblains, salt rheum, chapped lips or hands, frost bites, cold sores, sore nipples, and all diseases and eruptions of the skin.

YOUNG LADIES

Dr. Flaggs Family Ointment will remove all pimples, blackheads, freckles and other blemishes from your face, leaving the skin soft, and beautiful. No family will be without it after testing its marvelous soothing and healing properties. Sold by Baltzly for 25 cents. 30-eow

Who said, "I would rather be right than be President?"

After Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is a terrible disease, requiring the greatest medical skill to effect a complete cure. Even when its power is broken, it clings to the patient with great persistency, and often leaves the system poisoned and prostrated. Just here Hood's Sarsaparilla does a vast amount of good, expelling impurities from the blood, giving it richness and vitality, while it renovates and strengthens the system.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Impurities, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly. 4-y-1

What special significance was there in the election of Cleveland?

Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, may be relied on to effect a cure wherever an external application can be used. Price only twenty-five cents a bottle.

Out and About.

New Lisbon is boring for gas.

Salem would be a city of the second class.

East Liverpool has a Young Men's Republican Club.

The fate of Zedaker should be a warning to poets. He is an "incurable" at Newburgh.

The people of Canton are complaining of the quality of their gas and the prices charged for it.

Michael Hurst, aged fifty-three, got drunk, was run over and killed by a Ft. Wayne train in Canton on Monday.

Mr. George E. McMurray, once a very accommodating employe of the Western Union Company in this city, is now supplying a long-felt want in Bolivar. The long-felt want is called the *News-Journal*, and it can be accounted sure that few of the exciting incidents which occur in Bolivar will escape the editor and his corps of assistants.

Some time ago the Royal Baking Powder Co., conceived the idea of collecting from its patrons, for redistribution among them when printed in book form, their best and favorite methods for the preperation of articles of food of all descriptions. In response there were furnished a very large number of practical receipts, from which they selected the 3,000 contained in the book entitled, "My Favorite Receipt." The publication was intended originally for the contributors only, but the collection proved to be of such remarkable value that its publishers believing its circulation would be productive of good in affording a larger knowledge as to the practical preparation of real home cookery in a way to make it more wholesome and appetizing, have issued an edition for general circulation, which is sold at cost of production and postage. "My Favorite Receipt," handsomely printed and bound, is sent by the Royal Baking Powder Co., New York, at the nominal price of 50 cents, to any address, express charges paid.

Dream of eggs, sign of money.

Dr. Frazier's Throat & Lung Balsam

Is the greatest cure in the world for coughs, cold, sore throat, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, quinsy, laryngitis, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Scores and hundreds owe their lives to it. It performs wonders in relieving consumption. It strengthens the lungs and instantly allays all irritation of the throat. Never neglect a cough. It may prove fatal. Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balsam, taken in time, will save your life. It is put up in large family bottles and sells for the small price of 50 cents per bottle at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store. 30-eow

If you sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper.

Catarrh is not a Blood Disease.

No matter what part it may finally affect, catarrh always starts in the head, and belongs to the head. There is no mystery about the origin of this direful disease. It begins in a neglected cold. One of the kind that is "sure to be better in a few days." Thousands of victims know how it is by sad experience. Ely's Cream Balm cures colds in the head and catarrh in all its stages. Not a snuff nor a liquid.

TAKE THE

Mt. Vernon & Pan Handle Route

The Great Through Line via

The C. A. & C. RAILWAY

P., C. & St. L. and C., St. L. & P. Railroads for all Points South & Southwest.

The only line running the celebrated **Pullman Palace Sleeping and Drawing Room Cars Between Cleveland, Akron, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.**

Passengers holding first-class tickets via this line are entitled to seats in the **New and Elegant Pullman Reclining Chair Cars** at a nominal charge, leaving Columbus on the Fast Express at 3:55 p. m. daily, arriving at Indianapolis 10:20 p. m., St. Louis 7 a. m. and Kansas City 7:30 p. m.

No line running through the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois can offer such superior facilities or kindly comfort to its patrons. Rates as low as the lowest.

THE SCHEDULE.

Central or 90th Meridian Time.

In effect Nov. 14, 1886.

GOING NORTH.					GOING SOUTH.			
No. 9. Cleveland Express.	No. 27. Night Express.	No. 3. Fast Mail.	STATIONS.		No. 2. Fast Mail.	No. 28. Night Express.	No. 4. Orrville Express.
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
11 30	6 40	5 15	Ar P. Depot Lv		7 40	8 00	2 15
11 16	6 26	5 01	...Cleveland...		7 54	8 14	2 30
11 00	6 10	4 45	" Euclid ave		8 09	8 29	2 42
10 30	5 40	4 15	" Newburg		8 40	9 00	3 22
10 13	5 22	3 58	...Hudson...		8 57	9 17	3 39
10 00	5 10	3 45	Cuyahoga Falls		9 12	9 40	3 55
9 23	4 34	3 12	.....Akron.....		9 37	10 21	4 28
9 00	4 19	2 53	.....Warwick.....		9 57	10 49	4 50
A. M. No. 5			.....Orrville.. ar				P. M. No. 6
P. M.							A. M.
2 25	3 55	2 45	ar...Orrville....lv		10 02	10 55	10 55
1 35	2 59	2 06	...Millersburg...		10 40	12 00	11 51
12 17	1 39	1 08	.....Gambier.....		11 23	1 12	1 26
12 05	1 30	12 58	...Mt. Vernon...		11 46	2 00	1 57
11 17	12 55	12 31	...Centerburg...		12 09	2 36	2 26
10 55	12 34	.....	.....Sunbury.....		.....	8 02	2 46
10 35	12 15	11 55	...Westerville...		12 46	3 26	3 05
10 10	11 50	11 30	lv Columbus ar		1 10	4 00	3 30
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
10 00	11 35	11 10	ar Columbus lv		1 30	4 20	3 50
8 05	10 09	9 32	.....Xenia.....		3 35	6 00	5 20
6 36	8 36	8 14	.....Loveland.....		4 33	7 12	6 49
5 30	7 45	7 25	lv Cincinnati ar		5 30	8 00	7 35
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
.....	11 20	11 10	ar Columbus lv		.....	4 40	3 55
.....	9 54	9 43	.....Urbana.....		.....	6 06	5 20
.....	9 04	8 50	.....Piqua.....		.....	6 56	6 04
.....	7 39	7 05	...Richmond.....		.....	9 10	8 00
.....	4 55	4 30	...Indianapolis...		.....	12 00	10 20
.....	2 33	1 54	...Terre Haute...		.....	2 13	1 42
.....	12 20	11 35	.....Effingham.....		.....	4 15	3 49
.....	11 22	10 28	.....Vandalia.....		.....	5 08	4 48
.....	9 00	8 00	lv St. Louis ar		.....	7 30	7 00
.....	A. M.	P. M.			.....	P. M.	A. M.

Trains 27 and 28 run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday.

Trains 7 and 8, known as the Gann and Columbus accommodations, leave Gann at 6:00 a. m., arriving at Columbus at 8:40 a. m.; leave Columbus at 4:30 p. m., arriving at Gann at 7:10 p. m.

Train 9 (Cleveland express) connects with P. Ft. W. & C. No. 10 from Wooster, Shreve and all points west.

Train 4 (Orrville Express) connects with P., Ft. W. & C. No. 3 for Wooster, Shreve and all points west.

Trains 2, 3, 5 and 6 make connections with P., Ft. W. & C. trains for all points east and west via Orrville.

For further information, address

CHAS. O. WOOD,
Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Akron, O.

TIME TABLE.

P., Ft. W. & C. Railway.

Schedule in Effect August 15, 1886.

Trains depart from MASSILLON station as follows

CENTRAL TIME.

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	2 40 a m
No. 4	Daily except Sunday	3 22 p. m
No. 12	" "	10 56 p. m
No. 10	Daily	9 25 a. m
Local Freight	Daily except Sunday	11 28 a. m

GOING WEST

No. 1	Daily except Sunday	4 14 a. m
No. 9	Daily	10 24 "
No. 7	Daily except Sunday	1 50 p. m
No. 3	Daily	5 52 "
Local Freight		7 05 a. m

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Hotel Cars attached to through trains run without change, westbound to Chicago; eastbound to Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to J. A. Shoemaker, Ticket Agent, Massillon, Ohio.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Monday.

E. A. FORD,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

JAMES McCREA,
Manager
PITTSBURGH, PA.

C. L. & W. Railway.

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains.

In effect Nov. 14, 1886, until further notice.

New Standard—90 Meridian time which is 28 minutes slower than Columbus time.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	Accom.
Lorain	6 55 AM	3 45 PM	.....	4 00 AM
Sheffield	7 05*	3 55*	.....	4 10
Elyria	7 15	4 05	.....	4 30
Patterson	7 26*	4 15*	.....	4 45
Grafton ar	7 40	4 30	.....	5 15
Cleveland	6 45	4 00	.....	3 00 AM
Grafton lv	8 00	5 05	.....	5 15
Belden	8 08	5 13	.....	5 35
Eharte	8 18	5 24	.....	5 50
York	8 26	5 29	.....	6 00
Medina	8 33	5 35	.....	6 50
Chippewa Lake	8 42*	5 46*	.....	7 05
Camp Chippewa	8 45*	5 49	.....	7 10
Seville	8 53	5 58	.....	7 41
Sterling	9 00	6 05	.....	8 00
Easton	9 15	6 16	.....	8 40
Warwick	9 26	6 26	.....	9 26
Canal Fulton	9 34	6 33	.....	9 50
Pauls	9 42*	6 41*	.....	10 10
Massillon	9 53	6 55	6 10 AM	10 50
Navarre	10 08*	7 10*	6 25*	11 50
Justus	10 13	7 20	6 31	12 00
Beach City	10 21	7 28	6 40	12 15 PM
Strasburgh	10 31	7 39	6 52	12 35
Canal Dover	10 42	7 51	7 04	1 00
New Philadel	10 51	8 00	7 16	1 45
Goshen	...	8 05*	7 22*	2 00
Tuscarawas	11 08*	8 10*	7 28*	2 28
Urichville ar	11 12	8 20	.....	.....
" lv	11 30	.....	7 35	2 45
Newport	11 38*	.....	7 45*	3 10
Stillwater	11 48	.....	7 55	3 30
Tippecanoe	11 58	.....	8 05	3 55
Freeport	12 13 PM	.....	8 22	4 30
Butler	12 23	.....	8 32	4 55
Clevenger	.....	.....	8 40*	5 10
Holloway	12 33	.....	8 42	5 30
Flushing	12 44	.....	8 53	5 55
Lafferty	12 56	.....	9 04	6 30
Bruce	1 03	.....	9 12	6 45
Fairpoint	1 13	.....	9 22	7 05
Maynard	1 23	.....	9 33	7 25
Kidds	1 29*	.....	9 40*	7 40
Barton	1 35	.....	9 45	7 50
Pasco	1 45*	.....	9 55	8 05
Bridgeport	2 00	.....	10 10	8 30

Ar. Wheeling by Street Car from Bridgeport.

GOING NORTH.

Lv. Wheeling by Street Car for Bridgeport.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.	Accom.
Bridgeport	.....	11 35 am	4 00 pm	4 00 am
Pasco	.....	11 50*	4 15	4 20
Barton	.....	12 00 m	4 25	4 35
Kidds	.....	12 05*	4 30*	4 45
Maynard	.....	12 12 pm	4 36	5 00
Fairpoint	.....	12 23	4 47	5 20
Bruce	.....	12 32	4 57	5 35
Lafferty	.....	12 41*	5 05	5 50
Flushing	.....	12 53	5 17	6 10
Holloway	.....	1 04	5 30	6 30
Clevenger	.....	.....	5 33*	6 35
Butler	.....	1 15	5 41	6 50
Freeport	.....	1 26	5 51	7 10
Tippecanoe	.....	1 41	6 08	7 35
Stillwater	.....	1 51	6 18	7 55
Newport	.....	2 00*	6 28*	8 10
Uhrichsville	5 20 AM	2 20	6 38	8 25
Tuscarawas	5 28*	2 28*	6 45	8 50
Goshen	5 31	.....	6 51	9 00
New Phila	5 40	2 39	6 57	9 15
C Dover	5 50	2 49	7 06	9 50
Strasburg	6 02	3 00	7 17	10 31
Beach City	6 12	3 11	7 28	11 00
Justus	6 20	3 20	7 37	11 20
Navarre	6 26*	3 26*	7 42*	11 50
Massillon	6 40	3 40	7 55	12 45 pm
Pauls	6 52*	3 51*	.....	1 15
C Fulton	7 00	3 59	.....	1 35
Warwick	7 08	4 08	.....	2 05
Easton	7 19	4 19	.....	2 30
Sterling	7 34	4 35	.....	3 00
Seville	7 41	4 43	.....	3 30
Chippewa L	7 52*	4 54*	.....	3 55
Medina	8 02	5 05	.....	5 35
York	8 09	5 13	.....	5 55
Eharte	8 18	5 21	.....	6 25
Belden	8 26	5 30	.....	6 40
ar Grafton	8 35	5 40	.....	7 10
Cleveland	9 35 am	6 50	.....	10 15 pm
lv Grafton	8 45	5 50	.....	7 10 pm
Patterson	8 56*	6 01*	.....	7 30
Elyria	9 05	6 10	.....	7 50
Sheffield	9 16*	6 20*	.....	8 15
Lorain	9 25	6 30 pm	.....	8 30

* Trains stop on signal for passengers.

All trains daily (Sundays excepted)

CONNECTIONS.

At Cleveland with fast trains for the East and West. Also with Cleveland and Detroit Daily Line Steamers.

(1) At Elyria with L. S. & M. S. Railway for Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, &c.

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(3) At Sterling with N. Y. P. & O. R'y, for Akron, Ashland, Mansfield, &c.

(4) At Warwick with C. A. & C. R'y, for Mt. Vernon and Columbus.

(5) At Massillon with P. F. W. & C. R'y, for Canton, Wooster, Alliance, &c.

(6) At Dover with C. & M. R'y, for Cambridge, Marietta, Parkersburg.

(7) At Uhrichsville with P. C. & St. L. R'y, for Steubenville, Cosbocton and Zanesville.

At Wheeling with railroads diverging. Also with Ohio River Steamers.

WM. H. GROUT,
Gen'l Freight & Ticket Agent.
OSCAR TOWNSEND, General Manager.

Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

In effect Dec. 6, 1886.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.	No. 5.	No. 7.	No. 9.*	No. 1.*
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Toledo Lv	7 45	12 39	4 45	.....
Fremont	9 07	1 47	6 02	.....
Clyde	9 23	2 03	6 18	.....
Monroeville Lv	9 57	2 32	7 01	1 35
Norwalk	10 13	2 50	7 20	1 50
Wellington	11 03	3 45	9 00	2 32
Creston Ar	11 52	4 33	10 45	3 15
Orrville Ar	P. M.	5 05	11 45	*3 45
" Lv	12 40	5 05	12 00	6 00
Massillon	1 20	5 45	6 40	6 40
Navarre	1 35	6 00	6 55	6 55
Valley Junction	2 10	6 45	8 00	8 00
New Cumberland	2 25	7 00	8 20	8 20
Sherrodsville	2 38	7 15	9 00	9 00
Leesville	2 47	7 25	9 25	9 25
Bowerstown	2 55	7 35	9 40	9 40
Canal Dover	2 31	7 02	11 30	11 30
New Comerstown	3 13	7 46	12 09	12 09
Cambridge	4 08	8 37 pm	1 02 pm	1 02
Macksburg	5 39	.....	2 30	2 30
Marietta Ar	6 55	.....	3 38	3 38

GOING NORTH AND WEST.	No. 2.*	No. 4.	No. 8.	No. 6.
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Marietta Lv	.....	.....	11 00	7 00
Macksburg	.....	.....	12 05	8 18
Cambridge	.....	5 30	pm 1 27	9 52
New Comerstown	.....	6 20	2 20	10 47
Canal Dover	.....	6 55

Massillon Independent.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]

ROBERT P. SKINNER. SAMUEL R. WEIRICH.

PUBLISHED BY

SKINNER & WEIRICH,

Opera House Block,

MASSILLON, - - OHIO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	$1.50
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1887.

Give us pure water.

A effort is now on foot to secure a moral reform in Massillon.

The people of this city want something beside ample fire protection, they want pure water.

Scarcely any combination of circumstances can turn the Senate over to the Democratic party for two years.

Whether it pays to be the winning man at a raffle is a question which only a stingy financier can answer in the affirmative.

George Zeilly was the best street commissioner this city ever had. By all means let us nominate and elect him this spring.

From the council proceedings it will be seen that the efforts to obtain natural gas in this city are not confined to the newspapers.

"Ruddygore," the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, the cablegrams say, has just been produced in London, and is the first flat failure the two have scored.

The probabilities are that as the Akron railroads have nine points of law, being in possession of certain canal lands, they will be given the remaining one.

It costs New York $706,000 every year to repair her canals, yet Ohio people think the State has been extravagant, having spent $250,000 in the last twenty-five years

No council has any right, under any circumstances, to pay its bills with orders payable in the next fiscal year. The easiest way out of an unpleasant fix, is not nesessarily the right way.

A bill has been introduced into the House regulating the width of wagon tires in Hamilton county. The bill is all right, but the limitation is all wrong. It should apply to every county in the State.

Mr. W. C. Cappellar was a good county official, he edits a lively and energetic newspaper, he managed the last campaign as skillfully as any one could desire, and it may fairly be presumed that he will make an excellent railroad commissioner.

Yet a few years and it will no longer be the "Senate of millionaires." The sentiment of the country has been shown in the recent elections, and with the exception of the case of Mr. Stockbridge the merit of millions has not been conspicuously argued.

The State would be very foolish to change any of its plans regarding the intermediate penitentiary. They were all well considered and meet with approval. To do anything but complete the buildings as rapidly as possible would be a penny wise economy.

Organization, thorough and comprehensive, is the one thing essential to the success of all undertakings. In no enterprise is it needed more than in charitable work. The leaders in the work of the various churches will do well to study over the letter on this subject in this impression, and act upon it at once.

It is pleasant to notice a growing spirit on the part of the people to make use of the local press, and through it to urge various useful movements. Without going to the extreme of rushing into print, or rather endeavoring to do so, on no provocation, it is very proper for thinking people to express their thoughts to the public.

Only two reasons can be found for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer's* opposition to the proposition to abolish spring elections. One is because of the *Plain Dealer's* natural antipathy to every thing that ought to be, and the other is that having two elections booms the sale of newspapers to a considerable extent. On such broad and Democratic grounds the *Plain Dealer* continues its efforts.

A Birmingham, Ala., dispatch says: A shadow was thrown across the jubilation of these people to-day by the announcement that the Roone Iron Company, of Chattanooga, had just closed a contract for the purchase of forty thousand tons of English pig iron for the manufacture of steel rails. In the hotels to-day even free trade Democrats admitted that the interests of American labor, as well as of American capital, required protection against foreign competition.

Such experiences as these are more convincing than all the campaign documents or speeches ever issued or delivered.

An article in the news columns shows the probabilities and facts in regard to the business of the post office in this city. It will be seen that the receipts will probably fall short of the sum required to secure the free delivery system by five hundred dollars, unless a special effort is made to increase the business. It is hoped that the business men of the city will see that it is to their own interest to do this. If possible this paper will publish the business of the office about a month before the close of the fiscal year, so that a last effort may be put forth to raise the required ten thousand dollars.

MASSILLON AMUSEMENTS.

The famous war picture of the Battle of Gettysburg, will be on exhibition at the Walhonding rink the remaining days and evenings of this week.

Nearly every seat in the Academy of Music was taken before the curtain rose on Moulton & Baker's "Black Crook," Saturday evening, and the "standing room only" sign was in demand. The entertainment was very good indeed, and could undoubtedly be repeated to a good house on a return date. Doubtless no lady who attended, and there were many of them, too, would refuse an invitation to go again. The costumes were good, the scenery was very pretty, the final "transformation" being the best that has yet been seen on the Academy stage. The ballet was well drilled and the specialties introduced were above the average, and gave general satisfaction.—*Meadville Tribune-Republican.*

THE BLACK HUSSAR.

The New York *Herald* says: "The Black Hussar" was produced last night at Wallack's theatre. If one were to judge of the loud applause which greeted the end of each act, then the piece was an immense success. Colonel McCaull, as we have frequently mentioned here, has gained a well-deserved reputation for the sumptuous manner in which he has put his operas on the stage. He has fully justified his fame by last night's performance. "The Black Hussar" was strongly cast—it was an evenly balanced company, and all worked smoothly and harmoniously—no one rising in undue prominence. The house was packed, and we predict a long and successful run for "The Black Hussar." The costumes are all new and beautiful, and the singing of the chorus above the average."

Hi. Henry, of minstrel fame, will bring his excellent company to this city next Tuesday. Mr. Henry travels in a some what unique manner, of which an exchange speaks as follows:

Mr. Henry has been in the minstrel business a quarter of a century and in that time became very tired of the accommodations furnished by hotels in some towns. He decided to have a car built that would carry his entire company comfortably and after some study completed the car in which they came to West Chester yesterday. It presents a handsome appearance on the outside, inside it is a model of neatness and convenience. The car is 67 feet 7 inches long. At one end is the kitchen, supplied with all the contrivances necessary for first-class cooking. Next is the dining room, well lighted and very pleasant. There is a dumb waiter between the two. Adjoining this is Mr. Henry's private room and office, furnished after the style of a modern office. From this room to the other end of the car are extended the private rooms of the members of the company, all carpeted, with plush covered divans along the sides. The car cost $20,000 and is perfect in its way. This car will be thrown open to the public while the company remains in Massillon.

MAYOR'S COURT

Though the Mayor is a trifle out of practice, yet it will be seen that he has not forgotten how to deal out law and justice. On Monday, Charles Laughlin pleaded guilty to having purchased cigars of Anthony Richard, at Genoa, which he did not pay for, except by knocking Anthony down. Charles went to Canton with Marshal Wendling, and will remain there one month.

Thomas Kelly, a hungry tramp, accompanied Charles, and will remain with him for the same length of time. The offense of Thomas consisted in having stolen several gallons of oysters from Ertle's grocery. Kelly was pursued, and turned down the alley between the First National bank and the Opera House. He thought there was a bridge across the canal at that point and sped on. He discovered his error only when he plunged into the surging waters, from which he was rescued and removed to the city jail.

A PLEA

FOR ORGANIZED CHARITY.

Sensible and Timely Suggestions from a Correspondent who Knows.

MR. EDITOR:—Of all needs pressing upon us now, the most hard pressing is that of an *organized charity*. Water works, electric light, public library are all under way, and now the mind of the public needs to be directed towards the relief of the poor, for we have many such with us. Much generous, self-sacrificing work is done by individuals and separate denominations which results in abundance to some families and nothing to others, besides great danger from imposters.

he generously disposed of all denominations (or no denominations) should meet at the earliest possible date, consult and decide upon the best method for carrying on the charitable work of the town. Committees should be appointed, notably two, one to investigate all cases reported to the society; the other to find work for such members of the families as are able, by reason of age, strength or natural talents, to support themselves or their families.

Don't make paupers of your sisters and brothers if it is possible to let them earn their living. Many charitably disposed people do their own sewing, chop their own wood or scrub their own floors that they may have money to give to the suffering poor. Do you not see that it would add to the self respect of the poor to give them this sewing, sawing and scrubbing, and pay them for work instead of making them objects of charity? I am convinced that this Employment Bureau would be an important factor in lessening the number of converts to lives of shame. What can we, who live in warm houses, comfortably clothed and bountifully fed, know of the temptations of poverty to our less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Now some one will say, "Is there much real suffering in Massillon?" And I doubt not should occasion present itself for our local papers to give Massillon a puff, said papers would announce with much verbosity and emphasis, that there was "but little poverty in our beautiful city, etc.," without very thorough investigation of the matter. There are *many* cases of abject poverty within our borders, a recital of which many would refuse to believe. Two ladies of Massillon visited a suffering family last winter; the mother was holding a sick, half-starved baby in her arms, and tears were on her cheeks as she led them into "the room," whose only furniture was two chairs upon which rested a casket which held the body of her five-year-old son, who had died from lack of food. The mother did'nt complain, but with trusting simplicity said: "He all time cry for butter-bread, but *I had none for him.*" In this great wheat country, in the winter following "an over-production," children starving for bread! Think of it, devoted parents, who bend anxiously over your children, if they but have the semblance of sickness, or scour the town for delicacies for capricious appetites, then let us see what can be done by earnest, honest endeavor toward an organized relief society of men and women.

CHARITY.

THE VALUE OF COAL PROPERTY.

What the Massillon Coal District is Worth with Estimate of the Actual Investments.

"What is the value of the coal property in the Massillon district?" was asked of a prominent coal man a few days ago. He scratched his head, and gave it up.

The reporter having asked the question was bound to have it answered someway, so he started off on a tour of investigation, to find out the value of the finest coal producing district in Ohio. The result is given below, and the footing approximates the present and real worth of the valley, although very likely it will be thought to be incorrect in many cases. Three authentic sources of information were sought, but only two gave opinion as to the amount of money invested. The first column of the accompanying table is an estimate of the value of the mines, without regard to the capital stock of the corporation owning it; the second column, is an estimate of the amount of actual money invested in machinery, railroads, pumps and everything else necessary to put the mine into shape.

	Value.	Investment.
Elm Run	$100,000	$60,000
Howells	125,000	40,000
Hembrook	100,000	50,000
Fox Lake (two)	75,000	—
Lawrence (Mullen's)	75,000	40,000
Lawrence (Ridgway-Burton)	75,000	35,000
Willow Bank	60,000	80,000
Beaver Run	50,000	30,000
Camp Creek	50,000	65,000
West Massillon	50,000	—
Sippo (two)	50,000	30,000
Brush Hill	10,000	5,000
Total	$820,000	

If it may be assumed that $820,000 is the value of the mining property of Massillon to-day, then it may be considered to have increased in value very considerably within the last six years. In 1881 the total value of the mines, as set for the Stark County History, was $600,000, or $220,000 less than the figures now presented.

These figures relate only to the Massillon coal field, which does not include nearly all the mines which border on this field, and which are owned and operated from Massillon. It does include all the mines producing the geologists' "Massillon coal."

What the future of this or any other coal territory may be is a great question which no one can answer. Did it depend only upon the possibilities promised by recent drillings, it could be said with a certainty that the future looks brighter than the past. One of the heaviest operators in the valley says that he has more coal proved up, meaning that he knows to a certainty where it is, than at any time in his experience of thirty years. Probably others could say the same thing. Certain it is, that the importance of this district has not grown less in recent years, and every mine worked out has had its place taken by a new one.

ANOTHER GREAT CUT

In prices to close out Watkins' stock of

Dry Goods, Cloaks, Boots and Shoes.

THE ENTIRE STOCK, COMPRISING

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH

Of desirable goods, must be sold regardless of cost to quit business.

The sale will commence Saturday, January 15th, and continue until everything is sold.

Attend this sale if you want to save money.

A. L. WATKINS & CO.,

No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS,

And How they are Growing in Ohio.

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* publishes an article devoted to Ohio's industrial interests, including a list of fifty of the manufacturing cities and towns of the State, which had in 1883 twelve establishments and upwards, and the number in the same places in 1886, showing the increase in number during the intervening years, with the population, according to the census of 1880. From that list is taken the following, which concerns only neighboring towns and the larger cities:

	No. establishments. 1883.	No. establishments. 1886.	Population. 1880.
Akron	80	120	16,512
Alliance	23	30	4,636
Canal Dover	20	31	2,493
Canton	58	115	12,258
Cincinnati	753	1,258	255,708
Cleveland	756	991	160,142
Columbus	145	262	51,665
Dayton	151	267	38,677
Findlay	21	26	4,850
Mansfield	39	76	12,500
Massillon	32	46	9,000
New Philadelphia	22	30	3,070
Norwalk	30	40	7,560
Salem	31	43	4,041
Wooster	31	37	6,700
Youngstown	60	72	15,431

In point of population Massillon stands seventeenth in the list of Ohio cities, and holds the same rank as regards the number of manufacturing establishments. The number of mechanics employed being considered, this town stands much nearer the head.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Wall Paper!

You can always find a complete assortment of

Wall Paper and Fine Decorations, Window Curtains, Shade Rollers, Cornices, Poles and Room Mouldings. Also

LARGE STOCK OF

PAINTS, OILS VARNISH,

Mixed Paint Ready for Use.

House and Sign Painting, Paper Hanging and decorating done promptly, in town or country.

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No. 6 North Erie St.,

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First-class work in all branches of Photography.

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Free Treatise For the Weak Nervous and Debilitated; How to regain Health, Strength and Vigor AT **Home Treatment** for Nervous and Mental Diseases, **TRIAL SENT.** Address DR. J. W. BATE, & CO. 283 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Norwalk celebrated the turning on of her electric lights with brass bands and steam whistles.

The Alliance saloon keepers have concluded to give up their fight, have paid their fines, and the temperance party is jubilant, as it has won the day.

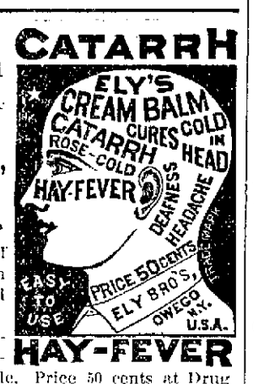
ELY'S Cream Balm

Gives Relief at once and Cures

Cold in Head, CATARRH, Hay Fever.

Not a Liquid, Snuff or powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. ELY BRO'S., Druggists, Owego, N. Y. 11y



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Ten dollars will, for example, cover ten $100 shares, or 1000 bushels of grain. Explanatory pamphlet free.

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LAURIE & CO.,

Stock Brokers, also dealers in Foreign Exchange,

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"The members of the firm are.....gentlemen of experience and high standing in the grain and stock commission business.....and among their references are a number of the leading Banks."—*New York Commercial News.*

"They have a stainless business record, and their bona fides are indisputable .....The reputation of the firm is such, that parties can rest assured of receiving their profits the moment they are made, no matter what the amount may be."—*New York Evening Telegram.*

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Fine Lace Curtains

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Call and inspect the Bargains we can show you in Hosiery.

John Baker Thompson,

Caterer, Baker,

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Confectioner,

Oysters are received every day and are served in every style in the Dining Rooms attached to the store.

Ice Cream, Sherbet and Cake furnished to parties, and personal supervision given.

Sole agent for the sale of the celebrated Fleischman's Compressed Yeast.

42 E. Main Street,

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Buys a Cheviot Suit, blue or black, fast colors.

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Buys a good Chinchilla Overcoat, at

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MAIN STREET, MASSILLON,

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Consisting of a fine selectio of

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with a large stock of

Scythes, Forks, Hay-Hooks,

Paints, Glass, Etc.,

Real Estate!

James R. Dunn,

—Administrator of the—

Estate of Kent Jarvis,

—AND—

Dealer in Real Estate.

Offers for sale a long list of city property, etc., consisting of

Fine Business Property,

Well Located Residence Property,

And Nearly 200 Splendid Building Lots.

All for sale on the most Reasonable Terms

Will Build Houses

for purchasers of lots when desired, giving long time for back payments. Remember these lots are scattered all over the city.

R. A. PINN,

Real Estate Dealer

—AND—

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 24 East Main Street,

MASSILLON, - - - - - OHIO

House and lot on Akron street, one lot north of State street.
Good farm, 105 acres, well improved, on Canton road.
Three new dwelling houses and one vacant lot on West Tremont street.
The Newsletter house on South East street.
A large lot fronting on West Main street.
Kent Jarvis' Second Addition, below Russell & Co.'s shops:
W. ½ of lots No. 32, 33 and 34 on Chester street.
Lot No. 6 on Erie street.
E. ½ of lots No 25, 26 and 27 Edwin street.
Lots No. 55, 56, 57 and 58, Edwin street.
W. ½ of lots No. 47 and 48 Dwight street.
One cheap dwelling house in Taylor Clay's addition to Massillon, North of Cherry street.

Closing out our entire stock to quit business.

A. L. WATKINS & Co.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

No week in the last six months has passed with so few occurrences of local interest.

J. M. McEwen has sold out his blacksmith shop to J. N. Crossland, who will hereafter conduct the business.

The Episcopal dime society will meet at the residence of Mr. T. H. Focke on Friday evening, January 28. A new and interesting entertainment, now veiled in mystery, will be provided.

The management of Richeimer's orchestra has under advisement a proposition to play at a Florida hotel until the close of this season. Should the offer be accepted, the orchestra will leave early next week.

Dr. Garrigues has moved into his new residonce on the corner of Charles and Hill streets, near the Methodist church. Persons desiring the doctor's services after night will please bear this in mind.

Postmaster Howells has received notice from the department that hereafter postal notes may be made payable in any U. S. money order office, instead of specified offices. This order will make postal notes negotiable.

The Stark County Soldiers' Relief Commission examined some sixty applications for relief on Saturday. Of those passed upon formally, some were allowed five dollars a month, some three and the balance two dollars and a half.

Among the coasting accidents of last week that occurred after going to press was the injury received by a son of Joseph Jennett, aged about thirteen years, resulting in a broken arm. Dr. Garrigues rendered the necessary surgical assistance.

Engineer Miller has finished and placed on exhibition a splendid map of this city and its environs, which he proposes to have lithographed, if a sufficient number of orders can be obtained. The map is absolutely accurate, and will increase in value as it grows older.

It is said that the Elyria Shear Company is anxious to move its works to a more favorable location. The concern employs about seventy-five men. Now if Massillon had a board of trade, which it has not, an effort could be made to have the establishment moved here.

Dr. Miller's proposition to hold local sanitary conventions in each of the seven districts of the State, met with favor, and at the last meeting of the State Board of Health it was determined to act upon his suggestion. The probability is that Warren will get the first convention to be held in this district.

The INDEPENDENT, it will be remembered, first published the fact that William Morlan had fled to Canada with some of the funds of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, for which he had acted as agent in this city. Since then he has returned, and is being prosecuted by the general agent, who resides in Canton.

It is said that the former owners of the Massillon water works seriously contemplated the extension of their system, even without a city contract, and intended to secure water by driving wells through the clay bed, on the flat between the river and canal and Main and Cherry streets, where a spring of pure water has been running for years.

"F. D. M.," in the *Commercial-Gazette* says that Judge David K. Cartter, now the distinguished judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, but once a resident of Massillon, and the representative of this district in Congress, is one of the only two men in Washington who were members of the Thirty-second Congress.

The assignment of L. Bammerlin on Monday, to Mr. R. W. McCaughey, was greatly regretted but not entirely unexpected among business men. His assets are estimated at about eighteen thousand dollars, and his liabilities about thirty thousand. His estate is utterly insolvent. His loss by fire several years ago was the primary cause of his trouble

The space between the canal and river, south of Tremont street, will be entirely given up to manufacturing interests before many years. A switch running parallel to the canal and connecting with the railroads will then be good property, and if the city is wise it will see that no railroad corporation gets such a right of way. It should have a local ownership.

A girl, not particularly bright mentally, gave birth to a very peculiar looking child Tuesday night, under peculiar circumstances. The child's head presented an aggravated case of congenital hydrocepalus, in the shape of a tumor as large as the head, attached to the back of the cranium, giving the appearance of a double-headed child. Several other tumors of varying size were discovered on different parts of the body. This unfortunate infant is the result of some unknown rascal's duplicity, and will probably not survive a great many days.

The Cleveland *Leader* of Thursday contains a one-column account of a meeting of Massillon coal operators in that city, for the purpose of forming a coal pool. The Hon. Anthony Howells was interviewed on the subject, and verified the report, except in minor details. The substance of the whole thing is this: The Tuscarawas operators, until recently, have had a sort of an association to maintain prices, but in which honor was the only incentive to do so. The compact was frequently broken, and the plan is now to maintain prices and provide a penalty for all who break faith. A committee was appointed at the Cleveland meeting to draft a constitution, and until this committee is ready to report nothing will be done. The operators claim that they cannot afford to deliver coal to the Cleveland middlemen for less than two dollars and a half, whereas they get considerably less than that now. Retail prices will not be affected, as the Cleveland dealers have a strong organization to maintain rates.

"That Massillon is not as good a point for the manufacture of iron, is more of a sentiment than a fact," said a gentleman who knows, in the INDEPENDENT office. It stands to reason that this is a better location for iron furnaces than either Leetonia or Youngstown, where they now successfully compete against the Pennsylvania furnaces. We have plenty of limestone within a few miles of us, almost in the city limits. We have all the ore necessary south of us in Tuscarawas and Stark county and we penetrate the territory with two railroads and the Ohio canal. The coal, which is mixed with coke, we have, and the coke can be shipped as cheaply to Massillon as any town. Moreover, with the completion of the Wheeling & Lake Erie and the South Penn railroad we will have a direct route into the Connellsville regions. If lake ore is desired, our two railroads and canal can bring it, and they offer splendid advantages for shipping the product."

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

The Hon. Richard Parsons, of Cleveland, was in the city on Monday.

Mrs. Watkins, the mother of Mr. H. J. Watkins, of this city, died in Pittsburg last Friday.

Mrs. Warren Myers, and Miss Nellie Ryder, of St. Louis, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. Liv. Ryder.

The Rev. J. R. Mills has returned to the city, and will resume charge of the First Methodist church next Sunday.

Chas. A. Gates, of Massillon, was at the old homestead, East avenue, for a short visit. He left for home this morning.—*Elyria Telephone.*

The friends of Miss Evelyn McCue will regret to learn that she is expected to return from Wellesley College this week on account of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Peacock's dancing classes are progressing very satisfactorily. The first term will end in three weeks, and will be followed by a reception.

On last Monday morning the children of Mr. and Mrs. C. Snavely gathered at their residence to surprise Mrs. Snavely, the event being her fifty-ninth birthday. The children gave her an elegant present, and a substantial dinner was served, which all present enjoyed, and after which, departed, having spent a very pleasant day.

HELP TO SWELL THE RECEIPTS.

What the Postoffice Has Been Doing—The Chances for the Free Delivery System.

At the request of the INDEPENDENT and with a desire to satisfy his own mind, Deputy Postmaster Howells has been kind enough to undertake the laborious task of finding out the exact receipts of the Massillon postoffice for the first half of the fiscal year, which ended on December 31, 1886.

The total receipts from June 30 to December 31, were $4,750.01. Of this amount $185.78 was the sum paid in money order fees. The amount of money handled in the transaction of the money order and postal note business was $19,459.51.

Supposing that the receipts for the next six months should be as great as in the half year just finished, which in the natural course of events will not be the case, the total receipts for the year will be $9,500.02, or still too little by $499.98 to secure the free delivery system and all the benefits it confers.

The total receipts last year were $9,053.04, so that it will be noticed that the business is very considerably heavier this year, but still not heavy enough.

Let every postoffice patron, especially the Massillon manufacturers bear in mind that the six months from January to June are not usually as lively as the preceding months, and therefore put forth an active effort to make up what now promises to be a shortage of nearly $400 on the amount required by the government before it can give the city the free delivery.

Postage stamps do not depreciate in value, so there is no good reason why Massillon should not show a business of $10,000 by June 30 without inconveniencing anybody to any extent.

A Church Column.

The ministers of Massillon and vicinity probably all know that the columns of this paper are open to them for the purpose of making any brief announcement they see fit, and there are few of them who do not occasionally avail themselves of this long-standing offer. But the editor would prefer to have them all make a regular practice of sending in the subject of the sermon, for instance, of the coming Sunday, and any other church news they may wish to spread. It would then be possible to establish a regular church column, and once established, it would be of great service to all.

If the ministers of the city are of a mind to have a department, like that kept up in most city newspapers, it depends only on themselves. The column should not be crowded with trivial things, but ordinarily should contain only the briefest kind of announcements. Matter should be handed in by Wednesday noon

THE COUNCIL.

AFTER THE VARIETY THEATERS.

The Right of Way Asked by a Natural Gas Company.

All members of the Council were present last night at the most important meeting held since the letting of the water contract.

It is obvious that the liquor ordinance is for the especial purpose of regulating Keefe & Stratton's Variety Theater.

The natural gas company referred to is not the one which this paper has had occasion to say much about within the last few weeks.

A note from the Solicitor was read in which he asked the Council to consider the advisability of raising the salary of that officer. There was nothing personal in the communication as the writer disavowed any intention of being a candidate for re election. On motion it was laid on the table indefinitely.

ORDINANCES.

An ordinance to accept Guy street was read a third time and passed.

An ordinance was introduced entitled, "An ordinance to amend an ordinance to provide against the evils resulting from the sale of intoxicating liquors within the city of Massillon." The ordinance provides that any person or firm engaged in liquor dealing, permitting any kind of rioting, or conducting any theatrical performance, concert, drama, panorama, gymnasium, or any other performances for the diversion of his or their patrons, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be liable to a fine of from $5 to $100 for each offense The ordinance also requires all drinking saloons to remain closed on Sunday.

Mr. Leighley moved that the rules be suspended and the ordinance read three times and passed. The motion was lost. A three-fourths vote is required, and Messrs. Rink, Volkmore and Jarvis voted in the negative.

An ordinance was introduced granting the right of way through the streets to the Massillon Natural Gas Company, consisting of the Hon. J. G. Warwick, James H. McLain and others. By the terms of the ordinance the city is fully protected against any possible loss or inconvenience and the company is pledged to do its work quickly and in the best manner.

BILLS PAID.

Massillon Water Co.	$619 50
Howells Coal Co.	10 70
J. W. Foltz	50 00
Telephone Co.	21 00
Telephone Co.	10 50
G. Kramer	1 35
Hemperly & Jacobs	2 00
P. E. Hess	25 00
N. H. Williaman	2 25
J. Stilgenbaur	8 40
Sippo Coal Co.	21 85
Akron Rubber Works	86 62
W. B. Schworm	32 40
Jacob Slicker	28 80
Frank Rees	7 60
Dr. G. H. Gove	3 00
M. Baughman	11 82
P. H. Young	27 00
Jesse Webb	1 50
William Yost	16 25

Mr. Snyder moved that Dr. Joseph Watson's addition to the city, lying in Fourth Ward, be examined by the street and alley committee and if properly laid out accepted.

After the Water Company had received its monthly roasting for not repairing the streets the Council adjourned for two weeks.

NATURAL GAS.

MASSILLON IS SURE OF IT.

If it Cannot be Found Here it Will be Piped Here—Two Companies in the Field.

It appears that at last a determined effort is to be made, first, to find natural gas in this city, or if it cannot be found to pipe it from elsewhere. Two distinct companies are now in the field. One is made up of a number of enterprising manufacturers, and is the one which has been frequently spoken of in recent issues of this paper. Mr. David Reed has been pushing it, and he says that the stock is nearly all taken. A permanent organization will soon be effected, and a right of way asked of the city. This company proposes to drill for gas at once.

The other is known as the Massillon Natural Gas Company. The Massillon members are the Hon. J. G. Warwick James H. McLain, and possibly others. This company asked for the passage of an ordinance granting a right of way on Wednesday night. Mr. Warwick was seen in regard to the intentions of the managers, and said that the whole matter is, as yet, in embryo. The intention of the company is to bore for gas in Massillon, and in case of failure to unite with a powerful Pittsburgh corporation and pipe it here. Mr. Warwick pleaded ignorance of all details, and said that Mr. McLain was the prime factor. At this hour Mr. McLain is in Pittsburg, and hence cannot be seen. An outsider is of the belief that the two companies will consolidate. However this may be, from what has been done it looks certain that gas will be in use in Massillon very soon. A glance at the names of the men interested shows that there is plenty of capital back of them to carry out all of their expressed intentions.

Charles A. Roberts of East Wilson, N. Y., had thirteen scrofulous ulcers on his face and neck. Hoods Sarsaparilla cured them.

J. E. Starn has secured the agency for several large electric supply houses, making a specialty of electric doorbells.

A. L. Watkins & Co. have decided to quit the dry goods business and have made some extraordinary low prices.

A BIG ENTERPRISE.

MASSILLON TO HAVE FIRE BRICK WORKS

Which Will Give Employment to nearly Two Hundred Hands Inside of a Year.

Surely no more pleasant task could be given to a newspaper than to tell of some big industrial enterprise well under way, and it is the fortune of the INDEPENDENT this week to tell of one which does not hinge upon the raising of a bonus, or any contingency, but of one which will certainly be established here, backed by wealth, energy and experience

The Massillon Stone Company is a corporation of some years standing, managed by Mr. H. A. Kitzmiller, of this city, and owned principally by R. P. Duff, E. A. Kitzmiller and other capitalists. It has been reorganized, with a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars, and now includes the Hon. John Dalzell and W. H. Duff, of Pittsburg, and J. H. McLain, of Massillon. The company has unlimited means, and purposes within three weeks, to have a large fire brick plant in operation in this city.

The Company owns the stone quarry property a few miles north of this city, on the main line of the Fort Wayne road, and has leased other lands, embracing parts of the Jacobs, Kerstetter and Kitzmiller farms, the whole comprising a territory of three hundred acres, underlaid with a bed of plastic fire-clay, four feet ten inches in depth, and covered by forty-eight feet of sand rock, of which ninety-five per cent. is pure silica. There is no doubt but that the clay is of the right quality, as it has been shipped to the manufacturers and used for over two years.

A party will be here on Monday to lay off the ground and put up the best modern machinery for a plant with a capacity of ten thousand brick per day, and giving employment to about fifty hands. This capacity will be increased to twenty-five thousand in three months. When affairs are working smoothly, another plant of the same capacity will be put up, for the manufacture of vitrified street paving brick. The calculation is to have one hundred and fifty men at work, within six months.

A demand for brick for paving purposes is expected, and, so Mr. Kitzmiller says, a sample will in all probability be laid in the business part of Massillon for the purpose of advertising the material.

The Pittsburg capitalists are very much pleased with the location of the clay, which they find so favorable that they can have the material prepared for the machines at a cost of one dollar per thousand brick, against seven dollars and a half for the same thing in the city of Pittsburg.

The capital stock is comparatively small, but the plans of the company are very comprehensive, as the members expect to establish an industry of very large proportions, which will place Massillon in the front rank as a brick manufacturing point. Mr. H. A. Kitzmiller will be the manager of the works.

The components of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup are daily prescribed by the ablest physicians, whose success is due to the specific influence of these components Dr. Bull's Cough syrup skillfully prepared for immediate use, is for sale by all druggists.

It takes a first-class preacher and a first-class hearer to get up a first-class sermon.

For an unlimited time first-class cabinet photographs can be had at L. L. Shertzers' for $2 and $3 per dozen.

Dishonesty in the church is really crippling the church more than anything else.

OPERA HOUSE!

Saturday Eve. Jan., 29.

The McCaull Opera Comique Co.,

John A. McCaull, proprietor and manager, in the greatest New York success, the

Black Hussar!

As presented by the McCaull Opera Comique Company over 400 times.

Great Cast, Excellent Chorus and the McCaull Opera Comique Orchestra.

Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Leonard Bammerlin. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims, duly authenticated, to the undersigned, for allowance.

ROBERT W. McCAUGHEY,
January 25, 1887.—32-3t Assignee.

Attend our great closing out sale for bargains in dry goods, cloaks and shoes.

A. L. WATKINS & CO.

COLEMAN,

THE RELIABLE JEWELER,

HAS THE

LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

Watches, jewelry, clocks, silverware, knives, forks, spoons, musical instruments, strings of all kinds, optical goods, gold pens, etc. Spectacles accurately fitted. Agent for King's celebrated spectacles.

Repairing in all Branches of the Trade. All Work Warranted.

COLEMAN'S, 5 Erie Street.

JUST RECEIVED!

An invoice of the best patent medicines:

Hood's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Hostetter's Bitters, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, Salvation Oil, Hamburg Drops, (Hamburger Tropfen), Hamburg Breast Tea, (Hamburger Brustthee), St. Jacob's Oil, (St. Jakob's Oel), Wizard Oil, etc., etc., etc.

Also an invoice of Gassin & Co.'s celebrated

Bitter Bush and Tar Cordial,

For which I have secured the sole agency for Massillon and surrounding towns.

Bitter Bush is unsurpassed as a cure for all cases of indigestion, loss of appetite and disorders of the liver. A trial of one bottle will convince the most skeptical of its real merits.

Schweeter's Furniture Polish is well worth a trial. Sample free.

Schweeter's Mani-Ointment, a preparation for the face and hands, giving the face a bright and fresh appearance, softening and whitening the hands—excellent for cold-sores, chapped hands. Contains no poisonous substance. Prepared only by M. A. Schweeters, at

THE RIALTO,

(Next door to Water-works Office), Massillon, Ohio

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—The office now occupied by Dr. J. W. Hisey on South Erie street For particulars enquire of C. L. Albrecht Also, a good house on North street, now occupied by C. L. Albrecht. 30-tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—One two-story house and two acres of land in C. Russell's addition to the city, one-half mile from the works of Russell & Co. Easy terms can be made Inquire of C. L. ALBRECHT.

NOTICE.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Frank Kohl. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance.

JOHN O. GARRETT, Assignee.
January 1, 1887 30-3

OPERA HOUSE.

Friday Evening, January 28th.

Only Time this Season.

By special arrangement with

Kiralfy Brothers.

The Original Spectacular

Black Crook,

Will be presented in all its completeness and metropolitan magnificence, $20,000 expended for costumes imported directly from Paris, and scenery painted by five masters of the art.

Two Carloads of Scenery! Sixty Dramatic, Pantomimic and Specialty Artists! A Triple Ballet, Four Premier Danseuses, Eight Serondas.

Twenty-five complete and superb scenes! Surprising Scenic Changes! A Gorgeous Beautiful and Brilliant Transformation! A dream of Fairyland made a living reality.

Beautiful and shapely girls in Amazonian marches, arrayed in costly and burnished armors.

Don't Fail to Get There.

Admission, 35, 50 and 75 cents.

J. V. R. SKINNER,

Blank Books and Office Stationery.

Blank Books of every description made to order at lowest prices. Special rulings and binding made with utmost accuracy

BOOK BINDING.

Magazines and subscription books bound in the most substantial form at lowest prices.

J. V. R. SKINNER.

Big bargains in boots and shoes at J. D. Frank & Co.'s cost sale.

W. H. McCALL & CO.,

DRUGGISTS.

DEALERS IN

Blank Books,

Stationery,

Perfumery,

Toilet Soaps,

AND A COMPLETE LINE OF

Druggists' Sundries.

No. 9 South Erie St.

Now Ready!

Holiday Goods.

An invitation is extended to the public to call at the

OPERA HOUSE.

Drug and Book Store,

and inspect our immense line of

Holiday Goods,

at prices lower than ever.

Z. T. BALTZLY.

DR. F. Z. GROFF,

Veterinary Surgeon,

Office and Infirmary near Sippo Station, 3½ miles west of Massillon.

Will treat diseases of all domestic animals, also perform all operations of surgery by the latest improved methods. Calls promptly attended to night or day. Residence connected with Massillon Telephone Exchange, also branch office at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store, where full information can be had at all times, with telephone privileges. Postoffice Sippo, Ohio.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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THE RED ACORN.

BY JOHN M'ELROY,

Author of "Andersonville," Etc.

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[The name given this story is made glorious by the valor and achievements of the First division of the Fourteenth Army corps, the cognizance of which was a crimson acorn, worn on the breasts of its gallant soldiers and borne upon their battle flags.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

The celebration of Christmas in the camps around Nashville was abruptly terminated by the reception of orders to march in the morning, with full haversacks and cartridge boxes. The next day all the roads leading southward became as rivers flowing armed men. Endless streams of blue, thickly glinted everywhere with bright and ominous steel, wound around the hills, poured over the plains, and spread out into angry lakes wherever a Confederate outpost checked the flow for a few minutes.

Four thousand troopers under the heroic Stanley—the foam crest on the war billow—dashed on in advance. Twelve thousand steadily moving infantry under the luckless McCook, poured down the Franklin turnpike, miles away to the right; twelve thousand more streamed down the Murfreesboro pike on the left, with the banner of the overweighted Crittenden, while grand old Thomas, he whose trumpets never sounded forth retreat, but always called to victory, moved steadfast as a glacier in the center, with as many more, a sure support and help to those on either hand.

The mighty war wave rolling up the deep plateau of the Cumberland was fifteen miles wide now. It would be less than a third of that when it gathered itself together for its mortal dash upon the rocks of rebellion at Murfreesboro.

It was Friday morning that the wave began rolling southward. All day Friday, and Saturday, and Sunday, and Monday it rolled steadily onward, sweeping before it the enemy's pickets and outposts as dry sand by an incoming tide. Monday evening the leading divisions stood upon the bridge where Rachel and Fortner had stood, and looked as they did upon the lights of Murfreesboro, two miles away.

"Two days from to-morrow is New Year's," said Kent Edwards. "Dear festival of eggnogg! how sweet are thy memories. I hope the Tennessee hens are doing their duty this winter, so that we'll have no trouble finding eggs when we get to Murfreesboro to-morrow."

"We are likely to be so busy tendering the compliments of the season to Mr. Bragg," said Harry, lightly, "that we will probably have but little time to make calls upon the lady hens who keep open nests."

"We all may be where we'll need lots o' cold water more than anything else," said Abe grimly.

"Well," said Kent blithely, "if I'm to be made a sweet little angel I don't know any day that I would rather have for my promotion to date from. It would have a very proper look to put in the full year here on earth, and start in with the new one in a world of superior attractions."

"Well, I declare, if here isn't Dr. Denslow," said Harry, delightedly, as he recognized a horseman, who rode up to them. "How did you come here? We thought you were permanently stationed at the grand hospital."

"So I was," replied the doctor. "So I was, at least so far as general orders could do it. But I felt that I could not be away from my boys at this supreme moment, and I am here, though the irregular way in which I detached myself from my post may require explanation to a court martial. Anyhow, it is a grateful relief to be away from the smell of chloride of lime, and get a breath of fresh air that is not mingled with the groans of a ward full of sick men. It looks," he continued, with a comprehensive glance at the firmament of Confederate campfires that made Murfreesboro seem the centre of a ruddy Milky way, as if the grand climax is at last at hand. Bragg, like the worm, will at last turn, and after a year of foot races we'll have a fight which will settle who is the superfluous rat in this alley. There is certainly one too many."

"The sooner it comes the better," said Harry, firmly. "It has to be sometime, and I'm getting very anxious for an end to this eternal marching and countermarching."

"My winsome little feet," Kent Edwards put in, plaintively, "are knobby as a burglar proof safe, with corns and bunions, all of them more tender than a maiden's heart, and painful as a mistake in a police hand. They're the ripe fruit of the thousands of miles of side hills, I've had to tramp over because of Mr. Bragg's retiring disposition. Now, if he's got the spirit of a man he'll come out from under the bed and fight me."

"O, he'll come out—he'll come out—never you fear," said Abe, sardonic as usual. "He's got a day or two's leisure now to attend to his business. A hundred thousand of him will come out. They'll swarm out o' them cedar thickets there like grasshoppers out of a timothy field."

"Boys," said Harry, returning after a few minutes' absence, "the colonel says we'll go into camp right here, just as we stand. Kent, I'll take the canteens and hunt up water, if you and Abe will break some cedar boughs for the bed, and get the wood to cook supper with."

"All right," responded Kent. "I'll go after the boughs."

"That puts me in for the wood," grumbled Abe. "And I don't suppose there's a fence inside of a mile, and if there is there's not a poplar rail in it."

"And doctor," continued Harry, flinging the canteens over his shoulders, "you'll stay and take a cup of coffee and sleep with us to-night, won't you? The trains are all far behind, and the hospital wagon must be miles away."

"Seems to me that I've heard something of the impropriety of visiting your friends just about meal time," said the doctor quizzically, "but a cup of coffee just now has more charms for me than rigid etiquette, so I'll thankfully accept your kind invitation. Some day I'll reciprocate with liberality in doses of quinine."

In less time than that taken by well appointed kitchens to furnish "Hot Meals to Order" the four were sitting on their blankets around a comfortable fire of rails and cedar logs eating hard bread and broiled fat pork and drinking strong black coffee, which the magic of the open air had transmuted into delightfully delicate and relishable viands.

"You are indebted to me," said Dr. Denslow, as he finished the last crumb and drop of his portion of his food, "for the accession to your company at this needful time of a tower of strength in the person of Lieut. Joseph Pancake."

Abe groaned; the doctor looked at him with well feigned astonishment and continued:

"That gore hungry patriot, as you know, has been home several months on recruiting duty, by virtue of a certificate which he wheedled out of old Moxon. At last, when he couldn't keep away any longer, he started back, but he carefully restrained his natural impetuosity in rushing to the tented field, and his journey from Sardis to Nashville was a fine specimen of easy deliberation. There was not a sign of ungentlemanly hurry in any part of it. He came into my ward at Nashville with violent symptoms of a half dozen speedily fatal diseases. I was cruel enough to see a coincidence in this attack and the general marching orders, and I prescribed for his ailments a thorough course of open air exercise. To be sure that my prescription would be taken I had the provost marshal interest himself in my patient's case, and the result was that Pancake joined the regiment, and so far has found it difficult to get away from it. It's the unexpected that happens, the French say, and there is a bare possibility that he may do the country some service by the accidental discharge of his duty."

"The possibility is too remote to waste time considering," said Harry.

They lay down together upon a bed made by spreading their overcoats and blankets upon the springy cedar boughs, and all but Harry were soon fast asleep. Though fully as weary as they he could not sleep for hours. He was dominated by a feeling that a crisis in his fate was at hand, and as he lay and looked at the stars every possible shape that that fate could take drifted across his mind, even as the endlessly varying cloud shapes swept—now languidly, now hurriedly—across the domed sky above him. And as the moon and the stars shone through or around each of the clouds, making the lighter ones masses of translucent glory, and gilding the edges of even the blackest with silvery promise, so the thoughts of Rachel Bond suffused with some brightness every possible happening to him. If he achieved anything the achievement would have for its chief value that it won her commendation; if he fell, the blackness of death would be gilded by her knowledge that he died a brave man's death for her sweet sake.

He listened awhile to the mournful whinny of the mules; to the sound of artillery rolling up the resonant pike; to the crashing of newly arrived regiments through the cedars as they made their camps in line of battle; to little spurts of firing between the nervous pickets, and at last fell asleep to dream that he was returning to Sardis, maimed but honor crowned, to claim Rachel as his exultant bride.

The Christmas forenoon was quite well advanced before the fatigue of Rachel Bond's long ride was sufficiently abated to allow her to awaken. Then a soft hum of voices impressed itself upon her drowsy senses, and she opened her eyes with the idea that there were several persons in the room engaged in conversation. But she saw that there was only aunt Debby, seated in a low rocking chair by the lazily burning fire, and reading aloud from a large Bible that lay open upon her knees.

Rachel stirred a little, and Aunt Debby looked up and closed the book.

"I'm afeared I've roused ye up too soon," she said, coming toward the bed with a look of real concern upon her sad, sweet face. "I raylly didn't intend ter. I jest opened the book ter read the promise 'bout our Father heedin' even a sparrer's fall, an' forgot, an' read on; an' when I read, I must read out loud, fer git the good of hit. Some folks pretend they kin understand jest ez well when they read fer themselves. Mebbe they kin."

"Oh, no," replied Rachel cheerfully, "you didn't disturb me in the least. It was time that I got up, and I was glad to hear you read. I'm only troubled with the fear that I've overslept myself, and missed the duty that I was intended for."

"Make yourself easy on thet 'ere score. Ye'll not be needed to-day, nor likely to-morrow. Some things hev come up fer change Jine's plans."

"I am very sorry," said Rachel, setting up in the bed and tossing back her long, silken mane with a single quick, masterful motion. "I wished to go immediately about what I am expected to do. I can do anything better than wait."

Aunt Debby came impulsively to the bedside, threw an arm around Rachel's neck, and kissed her on the forehead. "I love ye, honey," she said with admiring tenderness. "Ye're sich ez all women orter be. Ye'll make heroes of yer husband and sons. Ye've yit to l'arn, though, thet the most of a woman's life, an' the hardest part of hit, is ter wait."

In her fervid state of mind Rachel responded electrically to this loving advance, made at the moment of all others when she felt most in need of sympathy and love. She put her strong arm around Aunt Debby, and held her for a moment close to her heart. From that moment the two women became of one accord. Womanlike, they sought relief from their high tension in light, irrelevant talk and care for the trifling details of their surroundings. Aunt Debby brought water and towels for Rachel's toilet, and fluttered around her, solicitous, helpful and motherly, and Rachel, weary of long companionship with men, delighted in the restfulness of association once more with a gentle, sweet-minded woman.

The heavy riding habit was entirely too cumbersome for indoor wear, and Rachel put on instead one of Aunt Debby's "linsey" gowns, that hung from a peg, and laughed at the prim, demure mountain girl she saw in the glass. After a good breakfast had still farther raised her spirits she ventured upon a little pleasantry about the dramatic possibilities of a young lady who could assume different characters with such facility.

The day passed quietly, with Rachel studying such of the Christmas festivities as were visible from the window, and from time to time exchanging personal history with Aunt Debby. She learned that the latter had left her home in the Rockcastle mountains with the Union army in the previous spring, and gone on to Chattanooga, to assist her nephew, Fortner, in obtaining the required information when Mitchell's army advanced against that place in the summer. When the army retreated to the Ohio, in September, she had come as far back as Murfreesboro, and there stopped to await the army's return, which she was confident would not be long delayed.

"How brave and devoted you have been," said Rachel warmly, as Aunt Debby concluded her modestly told story. "No man could have done better."

"No, honey," replied the elder woman, with her wan face coloring faintly, "I've done nothin' but my plain duty, ez I seed hit. I've done nothin' ter what *they* would've done hadn't they been taken from me afore they had a chance. Like one who speaks fer us in the book, I've been in journeyin's often, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness an' painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger an' thirst, in fastings often, in cold an' nakedness, but he warns us not ter glory in these things, but in those which consarn our infirmities."

"How great should be your reward!"

"Don't speak of reward. I only want my freedom when I've 'arned hit—the freedom ter leave on 'arth on which I've been left behind, an' go whar my husband an' son are waitin' fur me."

She rose and paced the floor, with her face and eyes shining.

"Have you no fear of death whatever?" asked Rachel in amazement.

"Fear of death! Child, why should I fear death! Why should I fear death, more than the unborn child fears birth? Both are the same. Hit can't be fur ter thet other world whar they wait fur me. Hit is not even ez a journey ter the next town—hit's only one little step through the curtain o' green grass an' violets or, a sunny hillside—only o... little step."

She turned abruptly, and going back to her chair by the fireside, seated herself in it, and clasping her knees with her hands, rocked back and forth, and sang in a low, sweet croon:

Oh, the rapturous, transporting scene,
That rises ter my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in livin' green,
An' rivers of delight.

All o'er those wide, extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
Thar God, the Son, forever reigns,
An' scatters night away.

No chillin' winds or poisonous breath
Kin reach thet healthful shore;
Sickness an' sorrow, pain an' death,
Are felt an' feared no more.

After dark Fortner came in. Both women studied his face eagerly as he walked up to the fire.

"Nothin' yet, honey," he said to Aunt Debby, and "Nothin' yet, Miss," to Rachel, and after a little stay went out.

When Rachel awoke the next morning the sky was lowering darkly. On going to the window she found a most depressing change from the scene of bright merriment she had studied the night before. A chill winter rain was falling with dreary persistence, pattering on the dead leaves that covered the ground and soaking into the sodden earth. Everything and everybody in sight added something to increase the dismalness of the view, and as Rachel continued to gaze upon it the "horrors" took possession of her. She began to brood wretchedly over her position as a spy inside the enemy's lines, and upon all the consequences of that position.

It was late that night when Fortner came in. As he entered the two expectant women saw, by the ruddy light of the fire, that his face was set and his eyes flashing. He hung his dripping hat on a peg in the chimney and kicked the blazing logs with his wet boots until a flood of meteor sparks flew up the throat of the fireplace. Turning, he said, without waiting to be questioned:

"Well, the hunt's begun at last. Our folks come out'n Nashville this morning in three big armies, marchin' on different roads, an' they begun slashin' at the Confederates wherever they could find 'em. Thar's been fouten at Triune an' Lavergne, an' all along the line. They histed the Confederates out'n ther holes everywhar, an' druv 'em back on the jump. Wagon load arter wagon load o' wounded's comin' back. I come in ahead of a long train agwine ter the hospital. Hark! yo kin heah 'em now."

"Well, the hunt's begun at last."

The women listened.

They heard the ceaseless patter and swish of the gloomy rain—the gusty sighs of the wind through the shade trees' naked branches—louder still the rolling of heavy wheels over the rough streets; and all these were torn and rent by the shrieks of men in agony.

"Poor fellows," said Rachel, "how they are suffering!"

"Think ruther," said Aunt Debby calmly, "of how they've made others suffer. Hit's God's judgment on 'em."

Rachel turned to Fortner. "What will come next? Will this end it? Will the Confederates fall back and leave this place?"

"Hardly. This 's on'y like the fust slap in the face in a fight atween two big savage men, who 've locked horns ter see which is the best man. Hit 's on'y a sorter limberin' the jints fur the death rassel."

"Yes; and what next?"

"Well, Rosy's started fur this 'ere place, an' he's bound ter come heah. Bragg's bound he sha'n't come heah, an' is gittin' his men back to defend the town."

"What am I—what are we to do in the meanwhile?"

"Ye're ter do nothin', on'y stay in the house ez close ez ye kin, an' wait tell the chance comes ter use ye. Hit may be ter-morrer, an' hit mayn't be fur some days. These army moves are mouty unsartin. Aunt Debby 'll take keer on ye, an' ye'll not be in a mite 'o danger."

"But we'll see you frequently?"

"Ez often ez I kin arrange hit. I'm actin' ez orderly an' messenger 'bout headquarters, but I'll come ter ye whenever I kin git a chance, an' keep ye posted."

This was Friday night. All day Saturday, as long as the light lasted, Rachel stood at the window and watched with sinking heart the steady inflow of the Confederates from the north. That night she and Aunt Debby waited till midnight for Fortner, but he did not come. All day Sunday she stood at her post and watched the unabated pouring in on the Nashville pike. Fortner did not come that night. She was downcast, but no shade disturbed the serenity of Aunt Debby's sweet humming. So it was again on Monday and Tuesday. The continually swarming multitudes weighed down her spirits like a millstone. She seemed to be encompassed by millions of armed enemies. They appeared more plentiful than the trees, or the rocks, or the leaves even. They filled the streets of the little town until it seemed impossible for another one to find standing room. Their cavalry blackened the faces of the long ranges of hills. Their artillery and wagons streamed along the roads in a never ending train. Their camp fires lighted up the country at night for miles in all directions.

Just at dusk Tuesday night Fortner came in and was warmly welcomed.

"There are such countless hosts of the Confederates," Rachel said to him after the first greetings were over, "that I quite despair of our men being able to do anything with them. It seems impossible that there can be gathered together anywhere else in the world as many men as they have."

"I don't wonder ye think so, but ef ye'd been whar I wuz to-day ye'd think thet all the world wuz marchin' round in blue uniforms. Over heah hit seems ez ef all the cedars on the hills had suddintly turned into Confederate soldiers. Three miles from heah the bluecoats are swarmin' thicker'n bees in a field o' buckwheat."

"Three miles from here! Is our army within three miles of here?"

"Hit sartinly is, an' the Lord-awfullest crowd o' men an' guns an' hosses that ever tromped down the grass o' this ere airth. Why, hit jest dazed my eyes ter look at 'em. Come ter this other winder. D'ye see thet furtherest line o' camp fires, 'way on yander hill? Well, them's Union. Ef ye could see fur enuf ye'd see they're 'bout five miles long, an' they look purtier'n the stars in heaven."

"But if they are so close the battle will begin immediately, will it not?"

"Hit ain't likely ter be put off very long, but thar's no tellin' what'll happen in war, or when."

"When is my time to come?"

"Thet's what I've come fur ter tell ye. Ef we're agwine ter be of service ter the guv'ment, we must do hit to-night, fur most likely the battle'll begin in the mornin'. Hit's not jest the way I intended ter make use of ye, out hit can't be helped now. I hev information thet must reach General Rosencrans afore daybreak. The victory may depend on hit. Ter make sure all on us must start with hit, fur gittin' through the lines is now mouty dangersome, an' somebody—mebbe several—is bound to git cotcht, mebbe wuss. The men I expected ter help me are all gone. I hain't nobody now but ye an' Aunt Debby. D'ye dar and try an' make yer way through the lines to-night?"

Rachel thought a minute upon the dreadful possibilities of the venture, and then replied firmly:

"Yes I dare. I will try anything that the rest of you will attempt."

"Good. I knowed ye'd talk thet-a-way. Now we must waste no time in gittin' started, fur God on'y knows what difficulties we'll meet on the way, an' Rosencrans can't hev the information enny too soon. Ev'ry minute hit's kep' away from him'll cost many valluable lives—mebbe help defeat the army."

"Tell me quickly, then, what I must do, that I may lose no time in undertaking it."

"Well, heah's a plan of the position at sundown of the Confederates. Hit's drawed out purty roughly, but hit'll show jest whar [illegible] an' about the number there is at [illegible]. Hill begins on the right which is [illegible] Stone river, with Breckinridge's [illegible] them across the river is Withers, an' Cheatham, an' Cleburne, with McCown's division on the left, an' Wharton's cavalry on the flank. But the thing o' most importance is thet all day long they've been movin' men round ter ther left, ter fall on our right an' crush hit. They're hid in the cedar thickets over thar, an' they'll come out tomorrow mornin' like a million yellin' devils, an' try to sweep our right wing offen the face o' the arth. D'ye understand what I've tole ye?"

"Yes. Breckenridge's division is on their right and south of Stone river. Withers, Cheatham and Cleburne come next, on the north of the river, with McCown's division and Wharton's cavalry on the left, as shown in the sketch, and they are moving heavy forces around to their left, with the evident intention of falling overwhelmingly on our right early in the morning."

"Thet's hit. Ther's hit. But lay all the stress ye kin on the movin' around ter ther left. Thar's mo' mischief in thet than all the rest. Say thet thar's 20,000 men gwine round thar this arternoon an' evenin'. Say thet thar's the biggest thundercloud o' danger that ever one ever seed. Say hit over an' over, tell everybody understands hit an' gits ready fer meet hit. Tell hit till ye've made ev'ry one on 'em understand thet thar can't be no mistake about hit, an' they must look out fur heaps o' trouble on ther right. Tell hit ez ye never tole anything afore in yer life. Tell hit ez ye'd pray God Almighty fur the life o' the one thet ye love better than all the world beside. An' *git thar* fer tell hit—git thru the Confederate lines—ef ye love yer God an' yer country, an' ye want ter see the brave men who are ter die for-morrer make their deaths count somethin' to'ard savin' this Union. Hit may be thet yore information'll save the army from defeat. Hit may be—hit's most likely—thet hit'll save the lives o' thousands o' brave men who love ther lives even ez yo an' me loves ourn."

"Trust me to do all that a devoted woman can. I will get through before daybreak or die in the attempt. But how am I to go?"

"Hide this paper somewhar. Aunt Debby'll fix ye up ez a country gal, while I'm gittin' yer mar saddled an' bridled with some common harness, instid o' the fancy fixin's ye hed when ye rode out heah. Ef ye're stopt, ez ye likely will be, say thet ye've been ter town fur the doctor an' some medicine fur yer sick mammy an' are tryin' ter git back ter yer home on the south fork o' Overall's creek. Now, go an' git ready ez quick ez the Lord'll let ye."

As she heard the mare's hoofs in front of the door, Rachel came out with a "slat sunbonnet" on her head, and a long, black calico riding skirt over her linsey dress. Fortner gave her attire an approving nod. Aunt Debby followed her with a bottle. "This is the medicine ye've bin ter git from Dr. Thacker heah in town," she said, handing the vial. "Remember the name, fur fear ye mout meet some one who knows the town. Dr. Thacker, who lives a little piece offen the square, an' gives big doses of epecac fur everything, from brakebone fever ter the itch."

"Dr. Thacker, who lives just off the square," said Rachel. "I'll be certain to remember."

"Take this, too," said Fortner, handing her a finely finished revolver, of rather large caliber. "Don't pull hit onless ye can't git along without hit, an' then make sho o' yer man. Salt him."

"Good-by—God bless ye," said Aunt Debby, taking Rachel to her heart in a passionate embrace, and kissing her repeatedly. "God bless ye agin. No one ever hed more need o' His blessin' then we'uns will fur the next few hours. Ef He does bless us an' our work we'll all be safe an' sound in General Rosencrans' tent afore noon. But of His will's different we'll be by thet time whar the Confederates cease from troublin,' and the weary are at rest. I'm sure thet ef I thot the Confederates war gwine ter whip our men I'd never want ter see the sun rise ter-morrer. Good by; we're all in the hands o' Him who seeth even the sparrer's fall."

Fortner led the mare a little ways, to where he could get a good view, and then said:

"Thet second line o' fires which ye see over thar is our lines—them fires I mean which run up inter the woods. The fust line is the Confederates. Ye'll go right out this road heah tell ye git outside the town, an' then turn ter yer right an' make fur the Stone river, ford hit or swim your mar' across, an' make yer way thru or round the Confederate line. Ef ye find a good road, an' everything favorable ye mout try ter make yer way strait thru ef ye think ye kin fool the gyards with yer story. Ef ye're fearful yo can't then ride beyond the lines, an' come inter ourn that a-way. Aunt Debby'll go ter the other flank, an' try ter git a-past Breckinridge's pickets, an' I'll 'tempt ter make my way thru the center. We may all or none o' us git thru. I can't gin ye much advice, ez ye'd hev ter trust mainly ter yerself. But remember all the time what hangs upon yer gittin' the news ter Rosy afore daybreak. Think all the time thet mebbe ye kin save the fall army, mebbe win the victory, sartinly save heaps o' Union lives an' fool the pizen Confederates. This is the greatest chance ye'll ever hev ter do good in all yer life, or a hundred more ef ye could live 'em. Good-by. Ef God Almighty smiles on us we'll meet ter-morrer on yon side o' Stone river.

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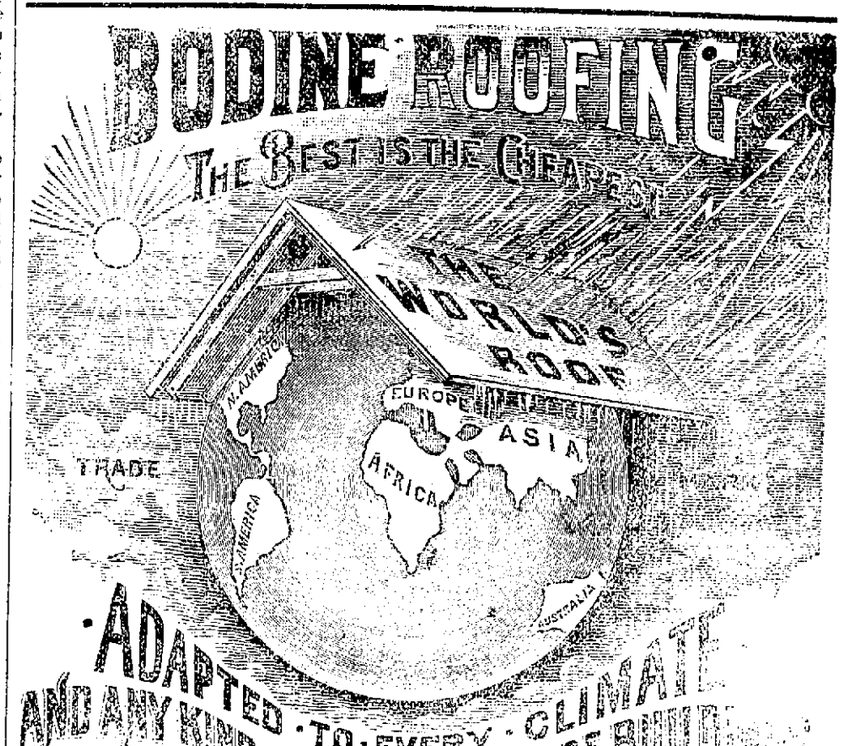
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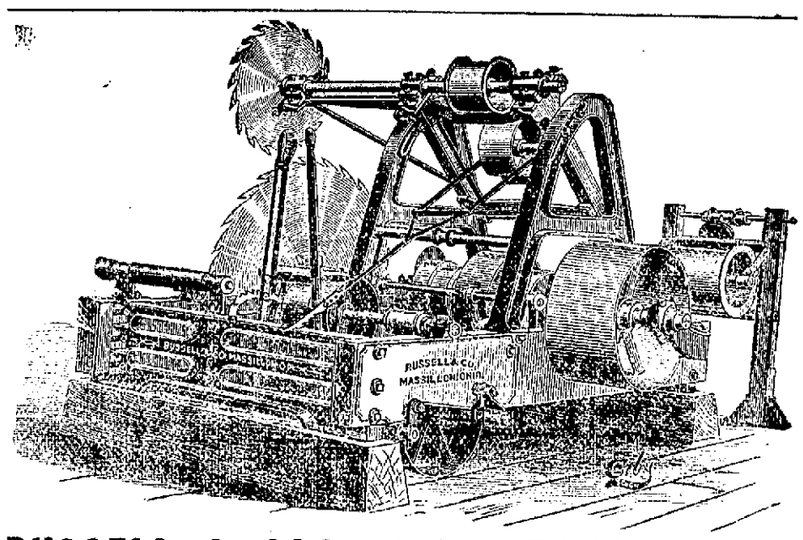

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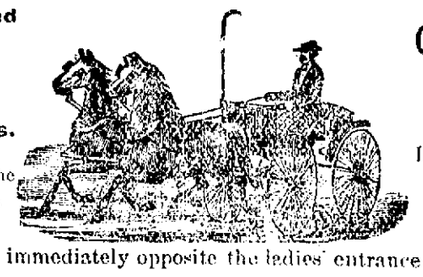

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Ef He frowns we'll meet on yon side o' the Shinin' River. Good-by."

He released her hand and her horse, and she rode forward into the darkness. Her course took her first up a main street, which was crowded with wagons, ambulances and artillery. Groups of men mingled with these, and crowded upon the sidewalks. When she passed the light of a window the men stared at her, and some few presumed upon her homely garb so far as to venture upon facetious and complimentary remarks, aimed at securing a better acquaintance.

She made no reply, but hurried her mare onward, as fast as she could pick her way. She soon passed out of the limits of the town and was in the country, though she was yet in the midst of camps, and still had to thread her way through masses of men, horses and wagons moving along the road

The first flutter of perturbation at going out into the darkness and the midst of armed men had given way to a more composed feeling No one had stopped her, or offered to, no one had shown any symptom of surprise at her presence there at that hour. She began to hope that this immunity would continue until she had made her way to the Union lines. She had left the thick of the crowd behind some distance and was going along at a fair pace over a clear road, studying all the while the line of fires far to her right, in an attempt to discover a promising dark gap in their extent.

She was startled by a hand laid upon her bridle and a voice saying:

"Say, Sis, who mout ye be an' whar mout ye be a-mosyin' ter this time o' night?"

She saw a squad of brigandish looking stragglers at her mare's head.

"My name's Polly Briggs. I live on the south fork o' Overall's creek. I've done been ter Dr. Thacker's in Murfreesboro, fur some medicine fur my sick mammy, an' I'm on my way back home, an' I'd be much obleeged ter ye gentlemen ef ye'd 'low me ter go on, kase mammy's powerful sick an' she's in great hurry fur her medicine."

She said this with a coolness and a perfect imitation of the speech and manner of the section that surprised herself As she ended she looked directly at the squad, and inspected them. She saw she had reason to be alarmed They were those prowling wolves found about all armies, to whom war meant only wider opportunities for all manner of villainy and outrage. An unprotected girl was a welcome prize to them. It was not death as a spy she had to fear, but worse Now, if ever, she must act decisively. The leader took his hand from her bridle, as if to place it on her

"Yer a powerful peart sort of a gal, an' ez purty ez a fawn Yer mammy can git 'long without the medicine a little while, an'——"

He did not finish the sentence, for before his hand could touch her Rachel's whip cut a deep wale across his face, and then it fell so savagely upon the mare's flank that the high-spirited animal sprang forward as if shot from a catapult, and was a hundred yards away before the rascals really comprehended what had happened

Onward sped the mettled brute, so maddened by the first cruel blow she had ever received that she refused to obey the rein, but made her own way by and through such objects as she encountered. When she at last calmed down the road was clear and lonely, and Rachel began searching for indications of a favorable point of approach to the river that hinted at a bridge or a ford While engaged in this she heard voices approaching. A moment's listening to the mingling of tones convinced her that it was another crowd of stragglers, and she obeyed her first impulse, which was to leap her horse over a low stone wall to her right. Taking her head again, the mare did not stop until she galloped down to the water's edge

"I'll accept this as lucky," said Rachel to herself "The ancients trusted more to their horses' instincts than their own perceptions in times of danger, and I'll do the same I'll cross here."

She urged the mare into the water The beast picked her way among the boulders on the bottom successfully for a few minutes. The water rose to Rachel's feet, but that seemed its greatest depth, and in a few more yards she would gain the opposite bank, when suddenly the mare stepped upon a slippery steep, her feet went from under her instantly, and steed and rider rolled in the sweeping flood of ice cold water. Rachel's first thought was that she should surely drown, but hope came back as she caught a limb swinging from a tree on the bank. With this she held her head above water until she could collect herself a little, and then with great difficulty pulled herself up the muddy, slippery bank. The weight of her soaked clothes added greatly to the difficulty and fatigue, and she lay for some time prone upon her face across the furrows of a cotton field, before she could stand erect. At last she was able to stand up, and she relieved herself somewhat by taking off her calico riding skirt and wringing the water from it. Her mare had also gained the bank near the same point she had, and stood looking at her with a world of wonder at the whole night's experience in her great brown eyes.

"Poor thing," said Rachel, sympathetically "This is only the beginning Heaven knows what we won't have to go through with before the sun rises."

She tried to mount, but her watery garments were too much for her agility, and with the wet skirts fettering her limbs she began toiling painfully over the spongy, plowed ground, in search of a stump or a rock. She thought she saw many around her, but on approaching one after another found they were only large cotton plants, with a boll or two of ungathered cotton on them, which aided the darkness in giving them their deceptive appearance. She prevented herself from traveling in a circle by remembering this aptitude of benighted travelers, and keeping her eye steadily fixed on a distant camp fire. When she at last came to the edge of the field she had to lean against the fence for some minutes before she could recover from her fatigue sufficiently to climb upon it. While she sat for a minute there she heard some cocks, at a neighboring farmhouse, crow the turn of night.

"It is midnight," she said feverishly, "and I have only begun the journey. Now let every nerve and muscle do its utmost."

She rode along the fence until she came to an opening, which led into what appeared in the darkness to be another cotton field, but proved to be a worn-out one, long ago abandoned to the rank growing briars, which clung to and tore her skirts, and seamed the mare's delicate skin with bleeding furrows. The flinching brute pressed onward, in response to her mistress' encouragement, but the progress was grievously slow.

Presently Rachel began to see moving figures a little way ahead of her, and hear voices in command. She realized that she was approaching the forces moving to the attack on the Union right. There was something grotesque, weird, even frightful in the sounds and the aspect of the moving masses and figures, but she at last made out that they were batteries, regiments and mounted men She decided that her best course was to mingle with and move along with them, until she could get a chance to ride away in advance. For hours, that seemed weeks, she remained entangled in the slow moving mass, whose bewildering vagaries of motion were as trying to the endurance of her steed as they were exasperating to her own impatience. Occasionally she caught glimpses of the Union camp fires in the distance, that, low and smoldering, told of the waning night, and she would look anxiously over her left shoulder for a hint of the coming of the dreaded dawn. Her mare terrified her with symptoms of giving out.

At last she saw an unmistakable silvery break in the eastern clouds. Half frantic she broke suddenly out of the throng by an abrupt turn to the right, and lashing her mare savagely galloped where a graying in the dense darkness showed an opening between two cedar thickets that led to the picket fires, half a mile away The mare's hoofs beat sonorously on the level limestone floor, which there frequently rises through the shallow soil and starves out the cedar

"Halt! Go back," commanded a hoarse voice in front of her, which was accompanied with the clicking of a gun-lock "Ye can't pass heah."

"Lemme pass, mister," she pleaded. "I'm only a gal, with medicine fur my mammy an' I'm powerful anxious to git home"

"No, ye can't git out heah. Orders are strict; besides, if ye did the Yankees'd ketch ye. They're jest out thar"

She became aware that there were heavy lines of men lying near, and fearing to say another word she turned and rode away to the left. She became entangled with a cavalry company moving toward the extreme Union right, and riding with it several hundred yards turned off into a convenient grove just as the light began to be sufficient to distinguish her from a trooper. She was now, she was sure, outside of the Confederate lines but she had gone far to the south, where the two lines were wide apart The Union fifes and drums, now sounding what seemed an unsuspicious and cheerful reveille, were apparently at least a mile away It was growing lighter rapidly and every passing moment was fraught with the weightiest urgency She concentrated all her energies for a supreme effort, and lashed her mare forward over the muddy cotton field The beast's hoofs sank in the loose red loam as if it were quicksand and her pace was maddeningly slow At last Rachel came in sight of a Union camp at the edge of a cedar thicket The arms were stacked, the men were cooking breakfast, and a battery of cannon standing near had no horses attached.

Rachel beat the poor mare's flanks furiously, and shouted: "Turn out! The rebels are coming! The rebels are coming!"

Her warning came too late Too late, also, came that of the pickets, who were firing their guns and rushing back to camp before an awful wave of men that had rolled out of the cedars on the other side of the cotton field.

A hundred boisterous drums were now making the thickets ring with the "long roll." Rachel saw the men in front of her leave their coffee making, rush to the musket stacks, seize their guns and take their places in line. In another minute they were ordered forward to the fence in front of them, upon which they rested their muskets. Rachel rode through their line and turned around to look. The broad cotton field was covered with solid masses of Confederates, rushing forward with their peculiar fierce yell

"Fire!" shouted the colonel in front of her The six field pieces to her right split her ears with their crash. A thousand muskets blazed out a fire that withered the first line of the advancing foe. Another crash, and the Confederates had answered with musketry and artillery, that tore the cedars around her sent the fence rails flying into the air and covered the ground with blue coats. Her faithful mare shied, caught her hoof in a crack in the limestone, and fell with a broken leg.

So began that terrible Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1862.

Bragg's plan of battle was very simple Rosecrans had stretched out a long thin wing through the cedars to the right of the pike At the pike it was very strong, but two miles away it degenerated into scattered regiments, unskillfully disposed Bragg threw against these three or four to one, with all the fury of the southern soldier in the onset. The line was crumbled, and before noon crushed back to the pike.

Rachel disengaged herself from her fallen steed, and leaning against a sapling, watched the awful collision. She forgot the great danger in the fascination of the terrible spectacle. She thought she had seen men scale the whole gamut of passion, but their wildest excesses were tame and frothy beside this ecstacy of rage in the fury of battle. The rustic southerners whom she had seen at ball play, the simple hearted northerners whom she had alarmed at their coffee making, were now transformed into furies mad with the delirium of slaughter, and heedless of their own lives in the frenzy of taking those of others.

"You had better run back, young woman," said some one touching her elbow. "The whole line's going to fall back. We're flanked."

A disorderly stream of men, fragments of the shattered right, caught her in its rush, and she was borne back to the open field lying along the pike. There, as when a turbulent river empties into a bay, the force of the current subsided, and she was dropped like silt. The cowardly ones, hatless and weaponless, ran off toward the pike, but the greater portion halted, formed in line, called for their comrades to join them, and sent for more cartridges.

Almost dropping with fatigue, Rachel made her way to a pile of cracker boxes by an Osage-orange hedge, on a knoll, and sat down. Some fragments of hard bread, dropped on the trampled sod while rations were being issued, lay around. She was so hungry that she picked up one or two that were hardly soiled, and nibbled them.

The dreadful clamor of battle grew louder continually. The musketry had swollen into a sullen roar, with the artillery pulsating high above it. Crashing volleys of hundreds of muskets fired at once, told of new regiments joining in the struggle. Confederate brigades raised piercing treble yells as they charged across the open fields against the Union positions. The latter responded with deep lunged cheers, as they hurled their assailants back. Clouds of slowly curling smoke rose above thickets filled with maddened men, firing into one another's breasts. Swarms of rabbits and flocks of birds dashed out in terror from the dark coverts in which they had hitherto found security.

No gallantry could avail against such overwhelming numbers as assailed the Union right. The stream of disorganized men flowing back from the thickets became wider and swifter every minute; every minute, too, the din of the conflict came closer, every minute the tide of battle rolled on to regiments lying near the pike.

A surgeon with a squad of stretcher bearers came up to where Rachel was sitting.

"Pull down some of those boxes and fix a place to lay the colonel till we can make other arrangements," said a familiar voice. Rachel looked up, and with some difficulty reconciled a grimy-faced man in torn clothes with the trim hospital surgeon she had known.

"Can that be you, Dr. Denslow?" she said.

He had equal difficulty in recognizing her.

"Is it possible that it is you, Miss Bond?" he said in amazement, after she had spoken to him again.

"Yes, this is I, or as much as is left of me. And here," and his voice trembled, "is about all that is left of the regiment. The rest are lying about the roots of those accursed cedars, a full mile from here"

"And Harry Glen—where is he?" she said, rising hurriedly from the boxes and passing along the line of stretchers, scanning each face.

A new pain appeared in the doctor's face as he watched her.

"You'll not find him there," he said. "The last I saw of him he was forming a handful of the regiment that were still on their feet, to retake cannon which the Confederates had captured I was starting off with the colonel here when they dashed away."

"Come," he said, after making some temporary provisions for the comfort of his wounded. "You must get away from here as quickly as possible. I fear the army is badly defeated, and it may be a rout soon. You must get away before the rush begins, for then it will be terrible."

He took her over the pike, and across it to where some wagons were standing As he was about to put Rachel in one of these their attention was arrested by an officer, apparently acting as provost marshal, dragging from behind a huge rock a lieutenant who was skulking there. They were too far away to hear what was said, but not so far that they could not recognize the skulker as Lieut Joseph Pancake. The provost marshal apparently demanded the skulker's name, and wrote it in a book. Pancake seemed to give the information, and accompanied it with a lugubrious pointing to a bandage around his knee. The provost marshal stooped and took the handkerchief off, to find that not even the cloth of the pantaloons had been injured He contemptuously tore the straps from Pancake's shoulders and left him.

"The rascal's cowardice is like the mercy of God," said Denslow "for it endureth for ever."

He put Rachel in a wagon, and ordered the driver to start at once for Nashville with her She pressed his hand, as they separated and then sank back on the boxes, overwhelmed with fatigue and grief

How had it been faring all this time with Harry Glen and those with him?

The fierce wave had dashed against the regiment early in the morning, and although the first fire received from the Confederates made gaps in the ranks where fifty men fell it did not recoil a step, but drove its assailants back with such slaughter that their dead, lying in the open ground over which they crossed, were grimly compared by Mc Bolton to "punkins layin' in a field where the corn's been cut off"

Then the fight settled into a murderous musketry duel across the field, in which the ranks of both sides melted away like frost in the sun. In a few minutes all the field officers were down, and the only captain that remained untouched took command of the regiment, shouting to Harry Glen at the same moment to take command of the two companies on the right, whose captains and lieutenants had fallen. Two guns escaping from the crush at the extreme right, had galloped down, and opened gallantly to assist the regiment. Almost instantly horses and men went down under the storm of bullets An axle broke through the cedars behind.

"Fall back—fall back, for God's sake!" he shouted. "The Confederates have got around the right, and will cut you off"

"Fall back, boys," shouted the captain in command, "but keep together, listen to orders, and load as you go." The same instant he fell with a ball through his chest.

"Sergt. Glen, you're in command of the regiment, now," shouted a dozen voices.

The lieutenant of the battery—a mere boy—ran up to Harry. A stream of blood on his jacket matched its crimson trimmings.

"Don't go off and leave my guns, after I've helped you. Do not, for the love of Heaven! I've saved them so far. Bring them off with you."

Harry looked inquiringly around upon the less than one hundred survivors who gathered about him, and had heard the passionate appeal. Every face was set with mortal desperation. An Irish boy on the left was kissing a cross which he had drawn from his bosom.

The tears which strong men shed in wild fits of rage were rolling down the cheeks of Edwards, Bolton and others.

"I don't want to live always!" shouted Kent, with an oath; "let's take the —— guns!"

"I don't want no better place to die than right here!" echoed Abe, still more savagely profane. "Let's have the guns, or sink into hell getting 'em!"

The remnant of the Confederate regiment had broken cover and rushed for the guns.

"Attention!" shouted Harry. "Fix bayonets!"

The sharp steel clashed on the muzzles.

"FORWARD. CHARGE!"

"Attention," shouted Harry. "Forward! Charge!"

For one wild minute shining steel at arm's length did its awful work. Then threescore Confederates fled back to their leafy lair and as many bluecoats withdrew into the cedars, pulling the guns after them.

"Pick up the lieutenant, there, some of you who can do a little lifting," said Kent, as they came to where the boy artillerist lay dead. "This prod in my shoulder has spoilt my lifting for some time. Lay him on the gun and we'll take him back with us. He deserves it, for he was game clear through. Harry, that fellow that gave you that beauty mark on the temple with his saber got his discharge from the Confederate army just afterwards on the point of Abe's bayonet."

"Is that so? Did Abe get struck at all?"

"Only a whack over the nose with the butt of a gun, which will doubtless improve his looks. Any change would."

"Guess we can go back now with some peace and comfort," said Abe, coming up and alluding to the cessation of the firing in front. "That last round took all the fight out of them hell hounds across the field."

"Some of you had better go over to the camp there and get our axes. We'll have to cut a road through the cedars if we take these guns off," said Harry, tying a handkerchief around the gaping saber wound in his temple. "The rest of you get around to the right and keep a sharp lookout for the flank."

So they worked their way back and a little after noon came to the open fields by the pike.

As the wagon rolled slowly down the pike toward Nashville Rachel, in spite of her anxiety, fell asleep. Some hours later she was awakened by the driver shaking her rudely.

"Wake up!" he shouted, "ef ye value yer life!"

"Where are we?" she asked, rubbing her eyes.

"At Stewart's creek," answered the driver, "an' all o' Wheeler's cavalry are out thar' in them woods."

She looked out She could see some miles ahead of her, and as far as she could see the road was filled with wagons moving toward Nashville. A sharp spurt of firing on the left attracted her attention, and she saw a long wave of horsemen ride out of the woods and charge the wagon guards, who made a sharp resistance, but at length fled before overwhelming numbers. The teamsters, at the first sight of the formidable line, began cutting their wheel mules loose and escaping upon them. Rachel's teamster followed their example.

"The off mule's unhitcht; jump on him an' skip," he shouted to her as he vanished up the pike.

The Confederates were shooting down the mules and such teamsters as remained. Some dismounted, and with the axes each wagon carried, chopped the spokes until the wagon fell, while others ran along and started fires in each In a little while five hundred wagons loaded with rations, clothing, ammunition and stores were blazing furiously. Their work done, the cavalry rode off toward Nashville in search of other trains.

Rachel leaped from the wagon before the Confederates approached and took refuge behind a large tree, whence she saw her wagon share the fate of the rest. When the cavalry disappeared she came out again into the road and walked slowly up it, debating what she could do She was rejoiced to meet her teamster returning. He had viewed the occurrence from a prudent distance, and, being kindly natured, had decided to return to her help as soon as it could be done without risk.

He told her that there was a wagon up the pike a little ways with a woman in it, to which he would conduct her, and they would go back to the army in front of Murfreesboro

"It seems a case o' 'twixt the devil and the deep sea,' he said despairingly "At any rate we can't stay out here, and my experience is that it is always safest where there is the biggest crowd."

They found the wagon with the woman in it. Its driver had bolted irrevocably, so Rachel's friend assumed the reins It was slow work making their way back through the confused mass, but Rachel was lucky enough to sleep through most of it. When she awoke the next morning the wagon was still on the pike, but in the centre of the army, which filled all the open space roundabout.

Everywhere were evidences of the terrible work of the day before, and of preparations for renewing it The soldiers, utterly exhausted by the previous day's frightful strain, lay around on the naked ground sleeping or in a half waking torpor.

An officer rode up to the wagon. "There seems to be some flour on this wagon," said the voice of Dr. Denslow. "Well, that may stay the boys' stomachs until we can get something better. Go on a little ways, driver."

"O, Doctor Denslow," called out Rachel, as the wagon stopped again, "what is the news?"

"You here again?" said the doctor, recognizing the voice; "well, that is good news. When I heard about Wheeler's raid on our trains I was terribly alarmed as to your fate. This relieves me much."

"But how about the army?"

"Well, it seems to have been a case of hammer and anvil yesterday, in which both suffered pretty badly, but the hammer got much the worst of it. We are in good shape now to give them some more, if they want it, which so far they have not indicated very strongly. Here, Sergt. Glen, is a couple of barrels of flour, which you can take to issue out to your regiment."

Had not the name been called Rachel could never have recognized her former elegant lover in the stalwart man with tattered uniform, swollen face, and head wrapped in a bloody bandage, who came to the wagon with a squad to receive the flour.

A tumult of emotions swept over her, but superior to them all was the feminine feeling that she could not endure to have Harry see her in her present unprepossessing plight.

"Don't mention my name before those men," she said to Dr. Denslow, when he came near again.

"Very good," he answered. "Sit still in the wagon and nobody will see you. I will have the wagon drive over to the hospital presently, with the remainder of the flour, and you can go along"

All the old love seemed to have been out at compound interest, from the increment that came back to her at the sound of Harry Glen's voice, now so much deeper, fuller and more masterful than in the fastidious days of yore. She lifted the smallest corner of the wagon cover and looked out. The barrel heads had been beaten in with stones, and a large cupful of flour issued to each of the hungry men. They had mixed it up into dough with water from the ditch, and were baking it before the fire on large flat stones, which abounded in the vicinity.

"I'll mix up enough for all three of us on this board," she heard Harry say to Abe and Kent. "With your game arm, Kent, and Abe's battered eyes your cooking skill's about gone. You ought to both of you go to the hospital. You can't do any good, and why expose yourself for nothing? I've a mind to use my authority as temporary commander of the regiment and send you to the hospital under guard."

"You try it if you dare, after my saving your life yesterday," said Abe. "I can see well enough yet to shoot toward the Confederates, and that's all that's necessary."

"I enlisted for the war," said Kent, "and I'm going to stay till peace is declared. I went into this fight to see it through, and I'm going to stay till we whip them if there's a piece of me left that can wiggle. Bragg's got to acknowledge that I'm the best man before I'll ever let up on him."

Rachel longed to leap out of the wagon, and do the bread making for these clumsy fellows, but pride would not consent.

The dough was browning slowly on the hot stones, but not yet nearly done, when the spiteful spirts of firing out in front suddenly burst into a roar, with a crash of artillery. A bugle sounded near.

"Fall in, boys," shouted Harry, springing to his feet and tearing off the flakes of dough, which he hastily divided with his comrades. "Right dress. Right face, forward, file right—march!"

"If there is anything that I despise, it's disturbing a gentleman at his meals," said Kent, giving the fire a spiteful kick, as he tucked the bread under his lame arm, took his musket in his other hand and started off in the rear of the regiment, accompanied by the purblind Abe.

Rachel's heart sank, as she saw them move off, but it rose again when the firing died down as suddenly as it had flamed up.

Soon Dr. Denslow took the wagon off to a cabin on a high bank of Stone river, which he was using as a hospital.

She called some question to him, as he turned away to direct the preparation of the flour into food for his patients, when some one cried out from the interior of the cabin:

"Rachel Bond! Is that you? Come in heah, honey."

She entered, and found Aunt Debby lying on the rude bed of the former inhabitants of the cabin.

"O, my love—my darling—my honey, is this you?" said the elderly woman, with streaming eyes, reaching out her thin arms to take Rachel to her heart. "I never expected ter see ye ag'in! But God is good."

"Aunt Debby, is it possible? Are you hurt, dear?"

"No, not hurt, child; only killed," she answered with a sweet radiance on her face.

"Killed? It is not possible."

"Yes, honey, it is possible. It is true. The gates open for me at last."

"How did it happen?"

"I got through Breckinridge's lines all right, an' reached the river, but thar was a picket thar, hid behind a tree, and ez he heered my boss's feet splash in the ford, he shot me through the back. An' I didn't get through in time," she added, with the first shade of melancholy that had yet appeared in her face. "Did *you*?"

"No, I was too late, too."

"An' Jim must've been, too. Hev ye seed him anywhar?"

"No," said Rachel, unable to restrain her tears.

"Now, honey, don't cry fur me—don't," said Aunt Debby, pulling the young face down to where she could kiss it. "Hit's jest ez I want hit. On'y let me know thet Bragg is whupt, an' I die happy."

All day Thursday the two bruised armies lay and confronted each other, as two bull dogs, which have torn and mangled one another, will stop for a few minutes to lick their hurts and glare their hatred, while they regain their breath to carry on the fight.

Friday morning it was the same, but there was a showing of teeth and a rising fierceness as the day grew older, which was very portentous

While standing at the door of the cabin Rachel had seen Harry Glen march down the bank at the head of the regiment, and cross the ford to the heights in front of Breckenridge. She picked up a field glass that lay on a shelf near, and followed the movements of the force the regiment had joined.

"What d' ye see, honey?" called out Aunt Debby. She was becoming very fearful that she would die before the victory was won.

"Our people," answered Rachel, "seem to be concentrating in front of Breckenridge There must be a division over there. Breckenridge sees it, and his cannon are firing at our men. He is bringing men up at the double quick." She stopped, for a spasm of fear in regard to Harry choked her.

"Go on, honey. What are they doing now?"

"Our men have formed a long line, reaching from the river up to the woods They begin to march forward. Breckenridge opens more guns. They cut lanes through them Now the infantry begins firing. A cloud of smoke settles down and hides both sides I can see no more. O my God, our men are running. The whole line comes back out of the smoke, with men dropping at every step. If Harry were only safely out of there, I'd give my life."

Aunt Debby groaned. "Look again, honey," she said after a moment's pause.

"It's worse than ever. Breckenridge's men are swarming out of their works. There seems to be a myriad of them. They cover the whole hillside until I cannot see the ground. They yell like demons and drive our men down into the river. They follow them to the water's edge and shoot them down in the stream. Ah, there goes a battery on the gallop to the hill in front of us. It has opened on the Confederates, and its shells dig great holes in the black masses, but the Confederates still come on. There goes another battery on the gallop. It has opened. There is another. Still another. They are galloping over here from every direction."

"Glory!" shouted Aunt Debby.

"There's a fringe of trees near the water's edge, whose tops reach nearly to the top of the hill. The cannon shots tear the branches off and dash down great ranks of Confederates with them."

"The arth rocks as when He lays his finger upon hit," said Aunt Debby.

The ground was trembling under the explosion of the fifty-eight pieces of artillery which Rosecrans hastily massed at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon for the relief of his overpowered left. "What's them that go 'boo-woo woo,' like great big dogs barkin'?"

"Those are John Mendenhall's big Napoleons," said a wounded artillery officer "Go on, miss. What now?"

"The Confederates have stopped coming on. They are apparently firing back. The shells and the limbs of the trees still break their lines and tear them to pieces. Now our men dash across the river again, and begin a musketry fire that mows them down. They start to run, and our men charge after them, cheering as they run. Our men have taken their cannon away from them. The Confederates are running for life to get inside their works. The hill side is dotted with those who have fallen, and there are rows of them lying near the water Now everything is quieting down again.

"Glory be God! for he has at last given the enemy into our hands. Come and kiss me, honey, an' say good by."

From the throats of 25,000 excited spectators of the destruction of Breckenridge's division rose cheers of triumph that echoed to the clouds.

"What sweet music that is!" said Aunt Debby, half unclosing her eyes. "God bless ye, honey. Good-by"

The gentle eyes closed forever.

Late in the evening Dr. Denslow's stretcher corps brought in Harry Glen, who had fallen in the last charge with a flesh wound in the leg. Until he awoke the next morning to find her sitting by his bedside, Harry thought that he had been dreaming all the time that Rachel Bond had come to him, dressed in quaint country garb, and loosed, with gentle, painless fingers the stiff, blood encrusted bandage about his head, and replaced it with something that soothed and eased his fevered temples.

"I have very good news for you," she said later in the day "Kent Edwards says that you are promoted to captain, by special orders, for 'conspicuous gallantry on the battlefield of Stone River.'"

"You are promoted to captain," she said.

"And when are we to be married?" he asked.

"Just as soon as you are able to travel back to Sardis."

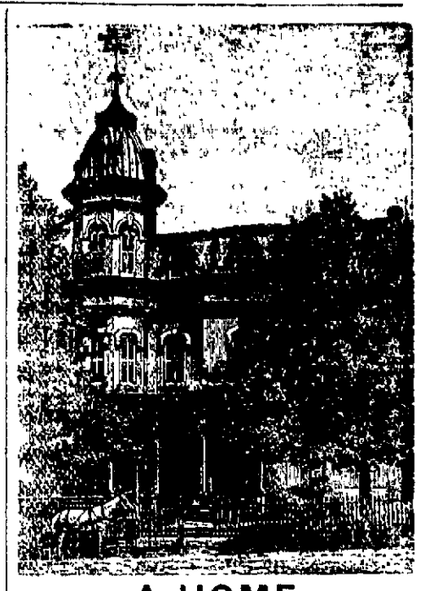
They looked up and saw Dr. Denslow standing beside them. A stunned look on his face indicated that he had heard and understood all. This speedily gave way to his accustomed expression of serene philosophy.

"Forget me, except as a friend," he said. "It is better as it is for you, Harry, and certainly better for her. Possibly it is better for"—with a little gasp—"me. The sweets of love are not for me. They are irrational, and irrational things are carefully eliminated from my scheme of life."

Towards evening Fortner came in with the news "Thet old Bragg picked up his traps and skipped out for Tullahoma, to nuss his hurts, leavin' his wounded and lots o' stores in our hands."

So was gained the great victory of Stone river.

THE END.



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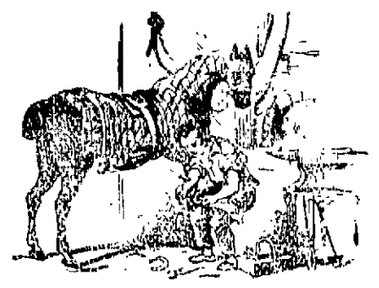

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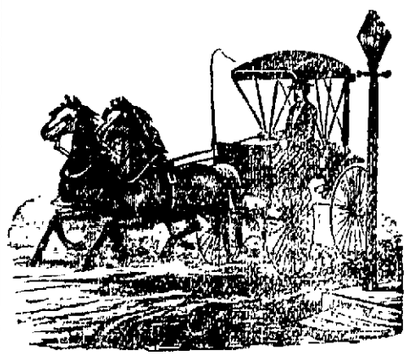

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NAVARRE.

The Dow law knocked out one saloon here.

Navarre merchants have taken to cutting prices.

J. W. Kalp was the happy recipient of a little girl on Wednesday.

Jesse Keel, of Fort Wayne, spent the past week here, the guest of Mr. H. R. Bennett.

Mrs. Sarah Hipple, who resided on a farm north of town, was buried here on Tuesday.

Rev. J. J. Gruber is holding a series of protracted meetings in the Reformed church.

Jas. Flynn came down from Massillon on Sunday to settle some ugly talk about his character.

Miss Kate Ricksecker, of Canton, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday, the guest of Miss Emma Ricksecker.

When the ice on the river broke up it went down in such large pieces that it gorged at the Beaver Run switch from the Wheeling road. Dynamite was used to remove it.

The U. B. dime social will render a drama sometime next month, entitled "Led Astray." They will also give two farces, entitled "Turn Him Out," and "The Plague of My Life."

Young folks gathered at the home of Miss Lizzie Ray Saturday evening to tender her a surprise, which was done, to remind her of another anniversary. The party partook of a very tempting supper and dispersed at a late hour.

Burglars have again struck Navarre and the greatest fears are entertained that it is home talent. An entrance was gained to Crossland's blacksmith shop and Foster's carriage shop about four o'clock Sunday morning, where the necessary tools were procured. The next move was made upon Grant & Moog's shoe store, where the attraction of the night seemed to center. They blew the outer door of the safe, and made a desperate effort to get through the burglar proof door inside but were unsuccessful. Since they could get no money, they took several pairs of mens', ladies' and misses' shoes, left their blacksmith tools on the counter and made good their escape.

Dr. H. J. Becker, the California lecturer, entertained Navarre's citizens most grandly on Monday evening with his famous lecture upon that State. We were shown that "all is not gold that glitters, and numerous high-minded youth resolved to remain in the State of Ohio rather than go west and run the chances of being humbled and being reduced to the "tran can." He took us over the Rocky mountains and down into California in a way that beggars description. One moment he would hold his audience in wonderment and awe, another the room would resound with hearty peals of laughter. He is billed for another lecture, to be given next Tuesday evening, "Man from the Sublime to the Ridiculous." Don't fail to hear him.

DALTON.

Mattie Blocker spent a few days in Canton last week.

Mrs. Amanda Crist is visiting with friends near Warwick.

Miss Dora King, of Canton, is spending the week with her Sugar Creek relatives.

A pleasant little party from Canton visited their pastor, Mr. Martin Beck, near Elton, last week.

Sam McFarren, sr., started on a business trip through Kansas and Iowa last Wednesday.

The Goat Hill literary society will soon be as "a day that is done," owing to perverted periodicals.

A dance was held at Frank Beazel's Saturday night, and notwithstanding the mud a great many were present.

Mr and Mrs. Malcolm Baughman and baby, Carl, came up from Willmot to visit Mrs. Samuel McFarren.

A few of the miners in Elton are talking seriously of a home in the West, and expect to go there in the spring.

Mr. Will Hunsten, teacher at Goat Hill, received such a severe fall on the ice last week that the children had a day's vacation.

A fox chase is planned for next Friday. The fox is now in the possession of Sammy Baughman. They will start it a quarter of a mile west of Elton.

A protracted meeting is now in progress at West Lebanon. The pastor, Rev. Ruff, was assisted Saturday night by a lady missionary from China.

BROOKFIELD.

J. J. Miller is drilling a well for 'Squire Walter.

Mrs. Hannah Lyons is recovering from her late illness.

Mrs. Holben, Mrs. Kerstetter and Mrs. P. Gaddis are all ill.

The "Seven" literary society died a natural death last Friday night.

Daniel Zorger, of Canton, spent Saturday with friends in this place.

A number of our people will "take in" McDanall's Opera Saturday night.

J. A. Levers finished a drill hole on the Clapper farm last week. He reports no coal.

Jacob Kaylor, of Lawrence township, spent the last week with friends in the village.

Several petty burglaries have been committed on the north road lately. As usual, tramps were blamed for the acts.

S. A. Peters found two feet four inches of coal in his last drill hole on the "Section." He has started another, farther east.

Jacob Christman began prospecting for "black diamonds" on his farm last Monday. Mart Harbaugh is superintending the work.

The citizens of East Greenville will build a new M. E. Church this summer. Over one thousand dollars have been subscribed, and more to hear from.

Brookfield Literary Society is still prospering. The performances of the last two evenings were above the ordinary, both in attendance and merit. The Albaugh school bill was the subject of discussion last Saturday evening. The next meeting will be held this (Friday) evening, when the following will be discussed: *Resolved*, "That man's natural tendencies exert a greater influence upon his character than his education does."

CHAPMAN.

Wm. G. Miller returned home from the miners' convention at Columbus all broke up with a severe cold.

Work at all our mines continues good. The Brush Hill was idle a few days last week, owing to a scarcity of flats.

Senator A. D. Fassett, of Mahoning county, has been appointed commissioner of the bureau of statistics by Governor Foraker, and was immediately confirmed by the Senate. This gives friend Bell a clear course for re appointment, as Stark county will be entitled to it.

We notice that the greater part of the agitation of abolishing the spring elections comes from Republicans. We are surprised at this, for it seems to us that the Democrats get their work in on us as it is, and there would be no end to their fraud if we had but one election, for it would be harder to detect them. We say give us a clean ballot, if it does cost a little more, and don't kill us with economy.

There being no work at the Blaine mine on Monday afternoon, our delegate did not make his report of the Columbus convention, but we have learned that all the officers were re-elected except two members of the executive board; that the operators were not prepared to take action on the resolutions submitted to them at present; that the Haley bill, making weekly payments for all labor compulsory, was endorsed; that the bill to prohibit officials from dabbling in politics was tabled indefinitely, and that the convention, by invitation of the warden, visited the penitentiary in a body.

The Industrial School Again.

Before I expeal, I will speak of an objection that is raised frequently against the Industrial School. Many say, "I would teach there, if I could have none but poor children, but I will not go there and spend my time teaching children whose parents can teach them at home." This matter has been discussed much, and the decision is invariably the same; the richer children, if earnest, have a good influence upon the school. Their mothers may be able to teach them at home, but if they do not, it is the children's misfortune, not fault. Besides where would we draw the line? That is the puzzling question. I would suggest to the well-to-do mothers to be more careful to supply their children with money for the weekly collections, and not to confine themselves to penny contributions. Now, we need teachers, and we need regular, faithful ones, who will consecrate Saturday afternoons to this work, who will come with an earnest, loving desire to do good, who will try to interest and improve the scholars entrusted to them in every possible way. Must we be hampered and hindered always by this lack of workers? The hall is comfortable, the air plentiful, the hours short. Will you not help in this good work? D.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

"The Tuscarawas Valley Railroad, Canal Dover capital $10,000," is the brief description of a certificate of incorporation issued from the Secretary of State's office last week. The object of this incorporation, we understand, is to construct a railroad along the berme bank of the canal from Canal Dover to Valley Junction, to unite the Marietta Railroad with the Wheeling & Lake Erie. It is also supposed to be a move to checkmate the Zanesville & Newcomerstown Railroad, and prevent its construction further than Newcomerstown.—*New Philadelphia Advocate*.

Mr. M. A. Schweeters is meeting with success in the sale of his remedies at home and abroad. He received a large order from a Chicago firm only the other day. He retails not only his own goods, but a full line of standard medicines, at his store on Mill street.

The Duty of State Legislatures.

Legislation should be effected in every State regulating the sale and use of the many poisons resorted to by women in their desperation to obtain beautiful complexions, while there exists in Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic every requisite necessary to accomplish the object without injuring the health or endangering life.

For thirty days we will sell at cost our entire stock of boots, shoes and rubbers. Come early and secure bargains.

J. D. FRANK & Co.

HE CLOSES HIS ARGUMENT.

"One of the People" Replies to the Other Correspondents.

MR. EDITOR:—I do not believe it profitable to continue the controversy in relation to a free public library unless some positive good is to be derived by doing so. If by agitating the subject public attention is awakened to a more effective means of education, whether it be by schools, by libraries, or any other mode, good may result therefrom.

Your correspondent who signs himself "One of the Common People," seems disposed to treat the matter with due candor, but certainly is not well informed on the matter of which he writes. He says, "but for the gentleman to wait until subscriptions are about to be solicited for the library, it has the look of being a counter movement. I desire to say to the gentleman that more than six months before the first mention was made of a public library, I urged upon the citizens of Massillon the importance of sustaining the Charity School in its past usefulness by liberal contributions. I proposed to be one to contribute the necessary sum, as a perpetual endowment fund, to place the school on a solid basis. There were others, as well as myself, who favored the move, and felt that it would be a lasting blot on the good name of Massillon to have the school suspended for the want of a small pittance that was necessary for its continuance, but the effort was met with seeming indifference as to the future of the school.

Again he says, "if we have a correct understanding of the reasons why the Charity School is temporarily suspended, would say that it is not so much for want of sufficient funds as for other *grave* reasons, which 'One of the People' might ascertain by inquiry." It would have been kind in your correspondent, "One of the Common People," to have pointed out where such desirable information could have been obtained. I had good reason to suppose that when the board of trustees, through its president and secretary, over their own signatures, published in the INDEPENDENT, over date of October 19, 1886, from which I make extracts, that the information was as reliable as could be obtained. I quote as follows:

"The main cause of this action (the suspension of the school) is this: The funds of the school, never super-abundant, have for the last two years or more made it difficult, indeed, impossible, to manage its affairs with anything like smoothness." Again they say, "The trustees, personally, regret the necessity of this action even more than the public do, but they see no other way to act, and they hope that with well directed efforts and careful and saving management to so greatly improve the affairs of the school in every way as to place it within the next three years on a safe, sound basis, and then again to start afresh and carry it on to its full capacity."

If there were other grave reasons for suspending the school, as your correspondent would have us believe, the trustees have been guilty of deceiving the public, a charge I do not for a moment believe, whatever other shortcoming they may be chargeable with. I refer this correspondent to the report of the trustees of the Charity School, which may be found in full in the INDEPENDENT of October 22.

Your correspondent, over the cognomen of "Optimist," comes to the front, and in a tirade of vulgar slang insults a majority of the people of Stark county in a wanton attack on their chosen representatives. I do not recognize this class of communications as worthy of notice. ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Casualties.

James Noonan, of Huntington, Ind., was killed on the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago railway.

The steamer Brentford, from Newport for Malta has been wrecked, and all on board but one were lost.

A bursting fly wheel in the South Chicago rolling mill instantly killed one man and seriously injured five.

John Cook, Jr., fell seventy feet into a coal shaft, at Brazil, Ind., and was instantly killed.

Gerry Wint, carpenter, of Cleveland, O., fell from the fourth floor of a building into the cellar, and was killed.

Engineer Bursicker and Fireman Gray were killed by the explosion of a locomotive boiler, near Hawthorne, Ill.

Samuel Peters was killed near Milldale, Ky., by the express tram on the Kentucky Central.

W. W. Castleton, Bucyrus, O., was fatally injured in a railroad accident on the Toledo & Ohio Central.

Robert Collard, Pomeroy, O., was killed in a coal mine.

At DesMoines, in the shaft of the Iron Valley mine, a keg of powder exploded. James McGuire, John Bradley and Thomas Halloran will probably die.

The Death Roll.

J. J. Upchurch, founder of the Ancient Order United Workmen, died in Cuba, Mo., Tuesday.

Rev. Richard H. Cain, fourteenth bishop of the African M. E. church, is dead at Washington.

Dr. W. S. Robertson, president of the Iowa state board of health, is dead.

The wife of Senator Voorhees died in Washington, after a brief illness.

Simpson Harris died in Putnam county, Ind., at the age of 109 years.

Judge Wesley Sloane, a prominent jurist of Southern Illinois, died at his home in Golconda, aged eighty years.

Rev. William G. Eliot, D.D., chancellor of the Washington university at St. Louis, died at Pass Christian, aged seventy-five years.

She's All Right.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Jan. 26.—The Clyde steamer Delaware, which was ashore near St. Andrews Sound, got off safely and proceeded to Fernandina.

Rheumatism & Neuralgia Cured in 2 Days.

The Indiana Chemical Co. have discovered a compound which acts with truly marvelous rapidity in the cure of rheumatism and neuralgia. We guarantee it to cure any and every case of acute inflammatory rheumatism and neuralgia in 2 Days, and to give immediate relief in chronic cases and effect a speedy cure.

On receipt of 50 cents in two-cent stamps, we will send to any address the prescription for this wonderful compound, which can be filled by your home druggist at small cost. We take this means of giving our discovery to the public instead of putting it out as a patent medicine, it being much less expensive. We will gladly refund money if self-evidently not given.

THE INDIANA CHEMICAL CO.
Crawfordsville, Ind.

MARKET REVIEW.

Latest Quotations From Cincinnati and Elsewhere for January 25.

FLOUR—Fancy, $3.85@4.15; family, $3.10@3.75.
WHEAT—No. 3 red, 82@83c; No. 2, 84½c.
CORN—No. 3 mixed, 34c; No. 2 mixed, 37½c.
OATS—No. 3 mixed, 29@30c; No. 2 mixed, 30½@30⅝c; No. 3 white, 31@33½c.
PORK—Family, $12.75@13.00; regular, $12.50@12.62½.
LARD—Kettle, 6¾@7c.
BACON—Short, clear sides, 7¼@7.10c.
CHEESE—Prime to choice Ohio, 12@12¼c; New York, 13½@14c.
POULTRY—Common chickens, $2.00@2.25 per dozen; fair to prime, $2.50@2.65; choice, $2.75@3.00; ducks, $2.25@3.00; live turkey, 7@7c.
WOOL—Unwashed medium clothing, 25@26c; fine merino 20@24c, common, 15@16c; fleece-washed medium clothing, 31@32c, combing, 30@32c; fine merino, X and XX, 28@30c; burr and cots, 16@18c; tub washed, 31@38c; pulled, 27@30c.
HAY—No. 1 timothy, $11.00@11.50; No. 2, $10.00@10.50; mixed, $9.00; prairie, $7.00@7.50; wheat, oats and rye straw, $5.00@6.00.
CATTLE—Good to choice butchers, $3.50@4.15; fair, $2.75@3.10; common, $1.75@2.50; stockers and feeders, $3.00@3.65; yearlings and calves, $2.25@3.00.
HOGS—Select butchers, $4.70@5.05; fair to good packing, $4.60@4.85; fair to good light, $4.30@4.60; common, $4.00@4.25; culls, $3.25@3.50.
SHEEP—Common to fair, $2.75@3.50; good to choice, $3.75@4.05; common to fair lambs, $4.00@4.50; good to choice, $4.75@5.25.

Boston Wool Market.

Receipts of wool the past week 3,771 bales domestic, 1,114 bales foreign. Sales 2,192,000 pounds domestic, 542,000 pounds foreign. Quotations: Ohio XX, and above, 37½c asked; Ohio X X, 35@36c; Ohio 33½c nominal; No. 1, 38@39c; Michigan X, 32c bid. Michigan No. 1, 36@37c; fine Ohio delaine, 38c asked; Michigan delaine, 36c asked; unmerchant Michigan, 34c asked; do Ohio, 35c asked; No. 1 combing washed, 40c; Kentucky 36c; blood combing, 37c asked; Kentucky one-fourth blood combing, 29@30c; Texas fine twelve months, 25@26c; do do six to eight months, 19@22c; Texas medium, twelve months, 25@26c; do do six to eight months, 20c asked; do fall fine, 17@22c; do fall medium, 25c asked; Georgia unwashed, 31@33c; California northern spring free, 25@27c; southern do do, 19@23c; do burry and defective, 12@16c; free fall, 15@21; southern fall, 14@15c; Eastern Oregon ordinary, 17@19c; do do choice, 22@25c; Valley Oregon No. 1, 25@26c; do do No. 2, 20@22c; do do No. 3, 2@0.5c; Wyoming fine, 20@21c; do three eighths blood, 24@26c; do one-half blood, 25@25½c; Kansas choice fine, 22@24c; do medium, 24@25c; Montana choice, 23@24c; do average, 22@23c fine medium choice, 25@26c; do do average, 24@24c; medium choice, 25c bid; do average, 23@24c; low, 20c bid; California pulled, 34@36c; Maine supers, 42c, ad do X supers, 37@40; do B supers, 35@37c; western supers, 30@35c; extra, 38@42c; combing pulled, 32@35c; Montevedo, 41c bid; Australian cross-bred, 39@42c; Australian combing, 36@39c; Australian clothing, 34@39c.

Pittsburg.

CATTLE—Slow; receipts, 131 head; shipments, 50 head; prime, $5.75@5.90; fair to good, $4.25@4.50; common, 3.50@4.00.
HOGS—Firm; receipts, 1,200 head; shipments, 1,600 head; Philadelphias, $5.00@5.30; Yorkers, $5.00@5.10; common to light, $4.00@4.90.
SHEEP—Fair to prime, $4.50@5.75; fair to good, $3.75@4.25; common, $2.50@3.50; lambs, $4.50@6.00; receipts, 1,600 head; shipments, 2,400 head.

New York.

WHEAT—No. 1 red state, 95c; No. 2 red winter, February, 92½c; May, 96½c.
CORN—Mixed, cash, 48c; February, 47c.
OATS—No. 1 white state, 34½c; No. 2, 33½c.
CATTLE—$4.20@5.00 per 100 lbs. live weight.
HOGS—$5.00@5.20 per 100 lbs.
SHEEP—$5.05@5.95 per 100 lbs. live weight.
COTTON—Quiet: Middling uplands, 9½c; do Orleans, 9 11-16c; January, 9.38c; February, 9.40c; March, 9.50c; April, 9.60c; May, 9.70c; June, 9.80c; July, 9.89c; August, 9.91c.

Chicago.

CATTLE—Choice to extra shipping, $3.40@5.00; common to fair, $1.50@3.30; stockers and feeders, $2.25@3.10; Texans, corn-fed, $2.25@3.40.
HOGS—Fair to good, $4.25@4.75; mixed packing, $4.40@4.55; choice heavy, $4.60@5.00.
SHEEP—Common, $2.50@5.00; lambs, $4.00@5.75.

Toledo.

WHEAT—Quiet: cash, 83½c; May, 88½c.
CORN—Quiet: cash, 37c; May, 42c.
OATS—Nominal; cash, 29½c.

Labor Notes.

The master carpenters of Cincinnati will effect a permanent organization.

Part of the employes of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco company, St. Louis, have struck for reasons, the validity of which the company denies.

The coal famine has forced Goodyear's India Rubber works at Naugatuck to shut down. One thousand hands are out.

A strike is probable at the Etna Iron Works, New Castle, Pa.

Imported workman have taken the places of strikers at the furnaces at Coatesville, Pa.

A convention of Monongehela iron miners will be called for Saturday to determine whether to ask an increase of wages.

The Knights of Labor have joined with the coal-handlers in New York, and the strike is to be continued with increased determination.

Wages have been increased at the National Tube works, Pittsburg.

MASSILLON.

Wheat, per bushel	to 80
Oats	to 30
Corn	37 to 40
Barley	65 to 70
Hay, per ton	10
Eggs, per doz	20
Chickens per lb	8
Butter	18
Potatoes	30 to 35
Family flour, per sack	1.05 to 1.10

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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Office in McLain's Building, cor. Main and Erie streets.

Yard on Tremont Street.

Opposite Kitchen's Mill.

FLAGGING

and all kinds of Sawed Stone on hand at yard.

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

AT COST

For 30 days to reduce stock, commencing Saturday, Jan. 15th

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West MASSILLON COAL Co.,

P. Sonnhalter & Co., Prop'rs,

Miners of the finest quality of Massillon Coal.

Best Quality of Massillon Lump.
Pure Nut for Cook Stove use.

Coarse and Fine Slack for Base Burners.

City Office at C. Warth's Grocery, West Main Street.
City Telephone 28.

City Agent and Collector, GEO. W. SCHROCK.
Bank Telephone 60

CITY CARRIAGE WORKS,

Corner of Tremont and Erie Streets.

PERRY H. YOUNG,

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First-Class Light Carriages,

Phætons and Spring Wagons.

My work, for durability, good material, style and finish is not surpassed by any in the State of Ohio. None but the best of workmen employed.
Practical attention given to the

REPAIRING DEPARTMENT.

Backsmithing, Repairing, etc., receive special attention. In addition to my stock, I am selling a cheaper grade of buggies than I make, am handling the best makes of

Columbus Buggies and Phætons

In the city, which I am selling at Lower Rates than can be purchased elsewhere. Agent for the

Watertown Platform Spring Wagons and Buggies,

The best platform wagons made in New York.

Call and examine stock and prices before purchasing. Every vehicle guaranteed to be as represented.

PERRY H. YOUNG.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely *water and oil* proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND," send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

FURNITURE!

I desire to say that all those in need of Furniture of any kind, can not fail to be suited both in regard to

GOODS AND PRICES,

My stock will comprise all grades of

Parlor, Chamber, Kitchen and Office

FURNITURE.

SUCH AS

Parlor Suits,
Chamber Suits,
Bedsteads,
Bureaus,
Tables,
Lounges

SPRING BEDS,

Hair,
Husk and
Sea Grass
Mattresses
and the original
Woven Wire Mattress

AND OTHER SPRING BOTTOMS.

Thankful for favors bestowed upon me in the past, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

JOHN H. OGDEN.

TUN KEE'S CHINESE STEAM LAUNDRY,

No 2 East Tremont Street, Will be pleased to show the public the finest work ever produced in his line. One call will convince you of his fine and superior workmanship.

Shirts, 10c; Cuffs per pair, 4c; Collars 2 for 5c

Work taken every day in the week and returned on the second or third day thereafter.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE. A good school to get a thorough Literary, Normal Business and Musical education. Building 20 minutes drive from Alliance station, O. Telephone 77. Persons thinking of going away to schools should by all means send for our catalogue. Correspondence solicited. Address, PROF. JOSEPH L. SHUNK, A. M., Secretary, Mt. Union, Stark county, Ohio. 12-1y*

Final clearance sale of balance of Watkins' stock of dry goods and shoes.

H. F. OEHLER'S

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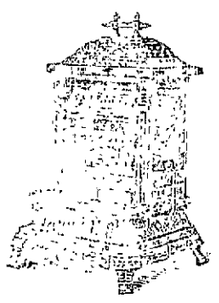

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Will purify the BLOOD regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and RESTORE the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bores, nausea and nervousness receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST

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